

# THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE;

## AND

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#### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Memoirs of Count Lavallette.* Written by Himself. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1831. Colburn and Bentley.

THE last half century, so interesting in its events, so important in its results, cannot be too minutely displayed. Every work, whether of history or biography, that gives either a new or more accurate account than has yet been given, has a value independent of its intrinsic merits. The volumes now before us ought to rank high in their class, as the result of the experience of one who had the best opportunities of observation, and time also to reflect on those observations. The name of Lavallette is familiar to all English readers; and as we usually like those we have served, a sort of national interest seems to attach to him, whose life was saved by our own countrymen. Our glance has been a hurried one; but what we have seen of these pages, we like much; they are very French—that is, full of party spirit, using expressions that seem extravagant to our colder, insular ears; but containing much matter, and giving a correct idea of the feelings of the body to which their writer belongs.

We shall now proceed to our extracts, which give the justest notion of the work itself.

"The royal family remained, therefore, surrounded by a few hundred noblemen, whom duty, or the most noble and courageous fidelity, still retained in France; but this fidelity was accompanied with so much hatred of the patriots, and so much foolish presumption, that it proved more dangerous than useful to their master. They were jealous of the National Guards, who did duty in the palace; their everlasting derision and threats disgusted all the citizens honestly attached to the king. As soldiers, the National Guard undoubtedly were not undeserving of some little ridicule; but ought they to have been thus irritated whilst they were giving such disinterested proofs of fidelity, and when they might have been so extremely useful? The commander-in-chief of the Guards was more particularly the object of their bitter satires. This soured our temper, and I observed with regret, that many honest men who would have laid down their lives for the king, took the fatal resolution of abandoning him. I must say, however, that the royal family were far from approving the conduct of their pretended friends. The king and queen always shewed the greatest affability to the National Guards; but their example was not followed, nor were even their remonstrances listened to. I may quote one instance, of which the consequences were fatal. The Duke of Orleans had for some time felt that he stood in an equivocal light, and that his position at court was unworthy of his name and character. He wished to come to a reconciliation with the king and queen. A negotiation, prudently managed, succeeded completely. It was agreed that the first prince of the blood should come publicly to pay his respects—I think it was on Easter Sunday. The apartments were crowded.

The prince appeared at the moment dinner was being served up to the royal family. Immediately some silly young men, thinking themselves very clever, cried out—'Take care of the dishes! Here comes the Duke of Orleans!' Another imagined he was doing some wonderful achievement in brushing by the prince, and saying insolently—'That was a kick!' The prince, seeing himself thus insulted in the king's presence, left the palace abruptly, convinced that the queen had drawn him into an odious snare. From that moment he joined the most violent of the factions; and the fatal and shameful consequences of that step are but too well known."

Speaking of the massacre at La Force—

"The massacre was already raging in all its force. Being less known than my friends, I flew to the prison. Before the wicket that leads to the Rue des Ballets, I found about fifty men at most. These were the butchers; the rest had been drawn there by curiosity, and were perhaps more execrable than the executioners; for though they dared neither go away, nor take part in the horrid deed, still they applauded. I looked forward, and at sight of a heap of bodies still palpitating with life, I uttered a cry of horror. Two men turned round, and, taking me abruptly by the collar, dragged me violently to the street, where they reproached me with imprudence, and then running away, left me alone in the dark. The horrible spectacle I had witnessed deprived me of all courage: I went home, overwhelmed with shame and despair for humanity so execrably injured, and the French character so deplorably disgraced. The particulars of the massacre having all been recorded in the memoirs of the time, I need not repeat them here. I was moreover no spectator of them. They lasted three days, and, I blush while I write it, at half a mile from the different prisons, nobody would have imagined that their countrymen were at that moment butchered by hundreds. The shops were open, pleasure was going on in all its animation, and sloth rejoiced in its vacuity. All the vanities and seductions of luxury, voluptuousness, and dissipation, peaceably swayed their sceptre. They feigned an ignorance of cruelties which they wanted the courage to oppose. And still there existed an assembly, the organ and supreme protectress of the laws, ministers entrusted with the executive power, a paid guard and magistrates. The unfortunate prisoners that were slaughtered had friends and relations, on whom they could not bestow a last look. They perished, after horrible agony, in the midst of the most cruel torments. Twelve hundred persons were killed in those three days."

How thankful ought we to be that such horrors are only known to us by name! Lavallette sets out with some friends to enlist in a free corps attached to the army, the adventure *en route* is so characteristic, that we quote it at full length.

"There were five of us; young, well educated, possessing some fortune, desirous to fight,

but, above all, to leave Paris. M. d'Hilliers received us very well; he gave us orders for our route, and next morning, the 7th of September, at five o'clock, we were on the road to Fontainebleau, our knapsacks on our backs, military caps on our heads, and perfectly well disguised by a sort of sailor's dress called a *Carmagnole*.

"We arrived at Auxerre on the third day after our departure, delighted with having quitted Paris, but full of anxiety for the dear friends we had left there. The Revolution had also passed through that town, and had left bloody traces behind it. The inhabitants were full of consternation, and deploring several young clergymen, sons of the most honourable citizens, that had been slaughtered. We lodged with the uncle of one of these victims, the corpse of whom had been left for three days on a dunghill, his parents not being suffered to bury him. We thought that we ought not to remain long in that city. We set off in consequence for Autun, and we arrived next day at a village, not far from Vermanton, situated amidst woods, and the inhabitants of which got their livelihood by making wooden shoes. Two days before, a bishop and two of his grand vicars, who were escaping in a post-coach, had been arrested by them. The coach was searched, and some hundred louis-d'ors having been found in it, the peasants thought the best way to gain the property would be to kill the real owners. Their new profession being more lucrative than their former one, they resolved to continue it, and in consequence set themselves on the look-out after all travellers. Our sailors' dresses were not very promising, but we carried our heads high, — our manners seemed haughty; and so, a little hunch-backed man, an attorney of the village, guessed we might perhaps contribute to enrich them.—The inhabitants, being resolved not to make any more wooden shoes, applauded the hunchback's advice. We were brought to the municipality, whence the mob followed us. The attorney placed himself on a large table, and began reading with emphasis, and in a loud voice, all our passports: Louis Amedée Auguste d'Aubonne, André Louis Leclerc de la Ronde, Maria Chamans de Lavallette. Here the rascal added *de*, that was not in my passport. On hearing these aristocratical names, a rumour began: all the eyes directed towards us were hostile, and the hunchback cried out that our knapsacks ought to be examined. The harvest would have been rich. I was the poorest of the set, and I had five-and-twenty louis in gold. We looked upon ourselves as lost, when D'Aubonne, whose stature was tall, jumped on the table and began to harangue the assembly. He was clever at making verses, and knew, besides, at his fingers' ends the whole slang dictionary. He began with a volley of abuse and imprecations that surprised the audience; but he soon raised his style, and repeated the words—country—liberty—sovereignty of the people,—with so much vehemence and such a thundering voice, that the effect was prodigious. He

was interrupted by unanimous applause. The giddy-headed young man did not stop there. He imperiously ordered Leclerc de la Ronde to get upon the table. La Ronde was the cleverest mimic I ever saw. He was thirty-five years old, of a grotesque shape, and as dark as a Moor. His eyes were sunk in his head and covered with thick black eyebrows, and his nose and chin immeasurably long. D'Aubonne said to the assembly: 'You'll soon be able to judge whether or not we are republicans coming from Paris.' And turning to his companion, he said to him: 'Answer to the republican catechism. What is God? What are the people? What is a king?' The other, with a contrite air, a nasal voice, and winding himself about like a harlequin, answered, 'God is nature; the people are the poor; a king is a lion, a tiger, an elephant—who tears to pieces, devours and crushes the poor people to death.' It was not possible to resist this. Astonishment, shouts, enthusiasm, were carried to the highest pitch. The orators were embraced, hugged, carried in triumph. The honour of lodging us grew a subject of dispute. We were forced to drink, and we were soon as much at a loss how to get away from these brutal wretches, now our friends, as we had been to escape out of their hands while they were our enemies. Luckily, D'Aubonne again found means to draw us out of this scrape. He gravely observed, that we had no time to stop, and that our country claimed the tribute of our courage. They let us go at last."

#### Picture of Paris in 1794:

"I arrived in Paris towards the middle of August. When I left that city in 1792, the people, freed from the wholesome restraint of the laws, intoxicated with fury, and elated with their abominable triumphs, were madly enjoying a savage licentiousness, and, ever threatening, ever oppressive, set no bounds to their tyranny. What a change did I not find after the short space of three years! Scarcity was terrible, misery at the highest pitch, and the dethroned sovereign scarcely dared to complain. The people were no better than a vile rabble, devoid of energy, shrinking under the rod that chastised them, but having not even the thought of resistance. In the morning, the city presented a deplorable spectacle: thousands of women and children were sitting on the stones before the doors of the bakers' shops, waiting their turn for receiving a dearly bought bit of bread. More than one-half of Paris lived on potatoes. Paper money was without value, and bullion without circulation: this lasted nearly a year. A still stranger sight struck the observer's eyes. The unfortunate prisoners had recovered their liberty, and having escaped almost certain death, they enjoyed their good luck with a sort of ecstasy. The dangers to which they had been so long exposed excited a lively interest in their favour; but vanity, so ingenious in France, discovered the means of turning their situation to advantage. Each person pretended to have suffered more than his neighbour; and as it was the fashion to have been persecuted, a great many people who had remained safe in their hiding-places, or had bought their security by base concessions, boasted of having languished in prison. An immense number of innocent persons had, in fact, perished on the scaffold; but if credit could have been given to the accounts propagated by hatred and vanity, one might have thought that one-half of Paris had imprisoned or butchered the other half. Confusion was at this period at its highest

pitch in society: all distinctions of rank had disappeared; wealth had changed possessors; and as it was still dangerous to boast of birth, and to recall the memory of former gentility, the possessors of newly-acquired wealth led the ton, and added the absurdities of a bad education to those of patronage devoid of dignity. The class of artists, more commendable, acquired consideration through the general thirst for amusement, and through the necessity many persons were in of seeking a livelihood in the arts of imagination. This same taste for the fine arts so universally diffused, caused in the fashions, and even in the morals of the metropolis, a most inconceivable licentiousness: the young men dressed their hair *en victimes*—that is to say, raised up at the back of the neck as if they were going to suffer on the scaffold. The women, on the contrary, imitated in their dresses the costume of ancient Greece. It is scarcely credible to those who have not seen it, that young females, well-bred, and distinguished by their birth, should have worn tight skin-coloured pantaloons, sandals on their feet, and transparent gauze dresses, while their bosoms were exposed, and their arms bare up to their shoulders; and that when they appeared thus in public places, instead of making modesty blush, they became objects of universal admiration and applause. The palaces and private gardens were changed into scenes of riotous pleasure, called Elysium, Paphos, Tivoli, Idalia, &c. where crowds of people, boisterous diversions, bad manners, and an utter contempt for decency, created both shame and disgust."

These are among the blessings of a revolution. The deduction made from the following account of the state of government is very just.

"The assembly had been loaded with an enormous burthen. The king had been precipitated from his throne, and the monarchy existed no longer. The republic had been established without consulting the people; and the king had been put to death because his existence was troublesome to the assembly. The members soon became few, and they were composed of elements too hostile to one another to be able to direct affairs securely and rapidly; they enacted therefore among themselves a government called the committee of public safety, that was to superintend the general administration of the country, and to direct the exertions of France against her foreign enemies. They instituted also a committee of general safety, that was to suppress the attacks of interior foes. The successes of the Vendéans and of the allied armies carried these two committees beyond all reasonable ideas, and made the Convention feel that it must conquer or die. Defence was maintained with all the force and energy that personal safety and revenge can inspire. The excellent direction given to the armies, which they followed with admirable courage, preserved France from a foreign yoke; but the progress of civil war, and the secret exertions of the royalists, could scarcely justify the massacres and the horrible tyranny under which the country groaned for so long a period. The rulers of the assembly will remain for ever loaded with the odium which their barbarous government (of which history does not present another instance) will excite among future generations. Of all the lessons given by the history of human passions, there is one especially on which the moralist must insist with force—I mean, the impossibility, which the most honourable men will ever experience, of stopping, if once their passions draw them into the path of error. Surely, if a few years before so many

crimes were committed, they could have been pictured before the eyes of the most barbarous among their perpetrators, I fear not to say that all, even Robespierre himself, would have recoiled with horror. Men begin by caressing theories, heated imagination presents them as useful and easy of execution; they toil, they advance unconsciously from errors to faults, and from faults to crimes, till the contaminated mind corrupts sensibility, and adorns by the name of state policy the most horrible outrages."

*Madame de Stael.*—"Madame de Stael, already celebrated for her superior mind, and a passion for fame, united to kindness of heart that has not been sufficiently appreciated. To say the truth, it was a little her own fault. I am convinced that she did not foresee the cruel proscriptions that oppressed the vanquished party; but I certainly never witnessed so much warmth of persecution. She undoubtedly saw nothing more in the struggle than the triumph of her political opinions,—I should rather say feelings; but still it must be acknowledged, that an absence of all reflection could alone have led her to embrace so openly the part of men who trampled on liberty and national representation, the two most cherished objects of her worship. All that time she carried to enthusiasm her admiration of General Buonaparte. I saw her for the first time at M. de Talleyrand's. During dinner the praises she lavished on the conqueror of Italy had all the wildness, romance, and exaggeration of poetry. When we left the table, the company withdrew to a small room to look at the portrait of the hero; and as I stepped back to let her walk in, she said, 'How shall I dare to pass before an aide-de-camp of Buonaparte?' My confusion was so great, that she also felt a little of it, and our host himself laughed at us. I went to see her next morning. Her reception was kind enough to make me return often to her house; and I do affirm that her lively imagination and her incredible activity continued unceasingly the same up to the catastrophe. She had nothing before her eyes but the counter-revolution, the return of the Bourbons, the revenge of the emigrants, and the loss of liberty."

Wounded vanity in after-years converted the admirer into the enemy: it is really quite extraordinary to think how much in this life is effected by a few civil words. Count Lavallette justifies the Austrian government from all participation in the murder of the French plenipotentiaries: he thus accounts for it.

"A regiment of hussars of Szeckler, a sort of pandiers, recruited on the frontiers of Turkey, already surrounded Rastadt, when the French ministers received an order to leave the place. The Baden commander of the town had in vain advised them to set off in the morning, that they might cross the Rhine before night-fall. Their preparations caused delay: they were encumbered with papers they wished to keep, and they were, besides, convinced that their sacred character of ambassadors would shelter them from insult. The day was far advanced when they departed. At a few leagues from Rastadt they were stopped and murdered. I am persuaded that the Austrian government did not give an order for murdering them, but only for seizing their papers; while the soldiers, finding a great deal of money about them, urged by avarice, and probably intoxicated, thought the best way would be to stifle their complaints by murdering them."

*Surrender of Malta.*—"The grand master, fancying that the Order of Malta was irretrievably lost, and forgetting that from one

moment to another an English fleet might arrive and deliver him, resolved to sign a capitulation with General Buonaparte. The treaty was soon concluded; and, two days after our arrival, the army was master of the city and forts, and the fleet at anchor in the fine harbour of Valetta. General Caffarelli, on examining more minutely the fortifications, said to the general-in-chief: "It is very lucky for us that there were people in the place to open the gates for us; for if it had been deserted, the army would never have got in, notwithstanding all our exertions."

*Sudden Effort of Memory.*—"The first billow nearly submerged us. One more effort was necessary; and while the sailors, pale as death, continued rowing with vigour, one of my travelling companions, an officer in the guides, fell on his knees and began the Lord's Prayer, of which he did not omit a single word. When the danger was over, his courage returned, and, ashamed of an act he could not himself comprehend, he whispered to me: 'I am now thirty-eight years old, and from my sixth year I never said a prayer in my life. I cannot conceive how I recollected that one; and I do declare, that at the present moment I should not be able to repeat a single word of it.'" A little allowance for after-affectation will, we think, account for the mystery.

*Destruction of the French Fleet.*—"It was then that the general-in-chief learned the disaster of our fleet at Aboukir. The news was brought to him by an aide-de-camp of General Kleber. The officer's horse being unable to go any farther, he had written some particulars in an open letter, which I found in the hands of a peasant to whom he had entrusted it. I read the letter, and advancing towards the general-in-chief, I begged him to withdraw for a moment from the group of staff officers which surrounded him. I then gave him the note. When he had read it he said to me, 'You know its contents; keep the secret.' We returned to Belhays, where we found breakfast on table. Every body was in good spirits, and particularly the troops, who had retaken from the Mamelukes the spoil of the caravan. They were going to sell the goods for almost nothing; but the general-in-chief forbade the officers to buy any of them there, and ordered the soldiers to dispose of them on their return to Cairo. All of a sudden, while breakfasting, the general-in-chief said to his guests: 'It seems you like this country: that is very lucky, for we have now no fleet to carry us back to Europe.' He then acquainted them with the particulars of the battle of Aboukir, and they were listened to with as much earnestness as the general had related them. Every one soon appeared reconciled to the event, and nobody talked any more of it."

*The Plague.*—"All the physicians died successively; the overseers of the infirmaries went away, and it was no longer possible to enter the hospitals with impunity. We were obliged to take Turks to nurse the sick, and to pay a very great price for their services; while the superintendence over them was so relaxed, on account of the danger with which it was accompanied, that the most flagrant misconduct was not to be prevented. At Gen. Marmont's lodgings we had been obliged to do without table-cloths or sheets; all our clothes were fumigated; the out-door servants had no connexion with those of the interior. The carriage gateway was nailed up; while every thing that was brought to the house from out of doors, and even the meat, was thrown through a wicket into a tub of water. With a view to

avoid the infection among us, we divided ourselves into two brigades; and during the night we pursued each other from room to room, throwing water in our faces, which was the only ammunition we possessed. Among the few soldiers who consented to nurse the sick, there was a gunner who had been in Constantinople, where he pretended that he had escaped the plague. According to his assertion, he possessed an infallible preservative against the infection, which was, to keep his face and hands perpetually moistened with water. But it was discovered that he washed his hands in oil. Indeed, it had been observed in Cairo, that the lamp-lighters never caught the plague."—This latter is a curious fact.

*Instance of Courage in a Physician.*—"General Buonaparte felt convinced that that fever was really the plague; the physician-in-chief, Desgenettes, alleged, on the contrary, that it was nothing more than a common fever. His opinion and arguments served to tranquillise the soldiers; but they had one bad effect,—that of disposing them to neglect the caution necessary in all contagious diseases. He wished, however, to add practical demonstration to his arguments by inoculating himself with the plague. In the middle of the hospital, and in the presence of all the sick, he plunged a lancet into the bubo of one of the patients, and pricked himself with it in his left side. This act, which was the more courageous, as he afterwards acknowledged that the disease had really all the characteristics of the plague, excited the admiration of the whole army, and insured to the physician lasting glory with posterity."

*Poisoning the Sick at Jaffa.*—"I must here say a few words on an odious imputation made long since against Gen. Buonaparte,—I mean, the pretended poisoning of the soldiers sick of the plague. It is so contrary to truth that General Buonaparte proposed to poison the unfortunate men, that M. Larry, first surgeon to the army, never ceased to pronounce it an atrocious calumny; and he several times, in the last fifteen years, pressed M. Desgenettes to declare publicly with him the fact through the medium of the press. The latter, having been ill-used by the king's government, recoiled probably at the thought of a declaration which might make his situation still more painful. It is, besides, impossible to name any person to whom the proposal should have been made. Finally, the calumny was spread by the English while they were in Egypt, and propagated by a writing of Sir Robert Wilson, who was then extremely young, and who in maturer age has openly declared that he had been mistaken."

Among the absurdities of that grandiloquent love of simile which distinguishes the French, we must particularise one. The mob forced the king to put on the red cap, then liberty's symbol. "His fate must be deplored, and the barbarous insult of the red cap must be considered in the same light as the crown of thorns placed on the head of the Christian Lawgiver."

We shall resume this work next week; but before we now leave it, we must bestow well-merited praise on the translator, who has executed his task with much spirit and good taste, and has corrected several strange blunders of M. Lavallette.

*Crayons from the Commons; or, Members in Relief: a Poem, Satirical and Descriptive.*  
By Peregrine Palette, Esq. 12mo. pp. 107.  
London, 1831. Cochran and Co.

We have before encountered the effusions of this writer, and done justice to his talents.

He is a close observer, and a clever man: his Crayons are portraits of some of the most conspicuous members of the House of Commons; and it must be confessed that he has very seldom flattered his sitters. Indeed, except in the case of Daniel O'Connell, there is nothing like panegyric: the agitator himself is, however, extolled to the skies.

The author, we should surmise,—from his evident knowledge of the personal appearance, peculiarities, manners, habits, and style of speaking, of the various persons whose pictures he paints,—is connected with the daily press, and engaged in reporting the debates. He appears on this occasion to have dipped his pen into ink with gall enough in it, and his satire is bitter accordingly. We differ much from him in his estimate of several of the characters; but as we are neither called upon to pronounce an opinion or enter into a controversy, but simply to allow the author to exhibit himself through the medium of a few selections, we shall make these, and leave them to the public without a comment.

There is a poetical dedication to the ex-member for Galway, our old friend Dick Martin, which is followed by a whole-length of the Speaker; and he, in turn, by Lord Althorp, Lord Palmerston, Mr. C. Grant, Sir James Graham, Mr. Stanley, Mr. Jeffrey, Mr. Powell Thomson, Lord Howick, Mr. Spring Rice, Sir F. Burdett, Sir R. Peel, Sir C. Wetherell, Mr. Herries, Mr. Banks, Sir J. Scarlett, and Mr. O'Connell.

We quote the first and a few other lines of Lord Althorp, as both general and particular.

"When royal William's civil list provoked  
Discussion fierce, and Whigs with clamour croak'd—  
When pamper'd Tories found their doom decided,  
As greedy Whigs triumphantly divided—  
When sundry Peels their offices resign'd,  
And countless Greys stood gaping close behind;  
Both parties then their wonted ground exchanged,  
And right and left were hostile forces ranged.  
Behold! the victors station'd in their van,  
A steady, grave, deliberative man,  
Prestigious in manner, air, and tone,  
But to the world most favourably known,  
As one whose word each promise must ensure,  
Which probity and honour could secure.  
In simple garb his person stands array'd,  
Discarding fashion's adventitious aid;  
His temper placid, equable, and kind,  
Bespeaks extreme serenity of mind;  
Ne'er, in the warmest moments of debate,  
Involving questions of the utmost weight,  
Does fervid passion kindle A——p's soul,  
To need prudential caution or control."

"Embarrass'd, awkward, labour'd, and constrain'd,  
His style of speech our ears has ever pain'd;  
And with a voice of harsh and husky note,  
His accents come half-mother'd from his throat;  
While sentences, deliver'd oft before,  
With faltering sounds again are stammer'd o'er.  
Wanting decision where 'twas needed most,  
As minister much moral weight he lost;  
Adopting measures vigorous and bold,  
But which his spirit failed him to uphold."

Of Mr. C. Grant it is said:—

"This minister is but a convert new  
To that grand scheme which Grey had long in view;  
Nor, like new converts, does he seem to feel  
His spirit heated with increasing zeal;  
Reform in him no ardent champion finds—  
No fervent passion his attachment binds:  
Though he and P—m—rst—n support the 'Bill,'  
They do so from expediency, not will;  
And both, we think, (though all the world may doubt  
It.)

Would gladly wish the Whigs could stand without it.  
Frigid and formal, Gr—nt's reluctant aid,  
Like some exacted penalty, is paid;  
His colleagues claim, what in his feeling cold,  
If power permitted, caution would withhold.  
But with the Question now, since one and all  
Committed have resolved to stand or fall,  
Emergency determining the case,  
He reconciles his scruples to his place:  
If for his views Reform proceeds too far,  
He still must follow its triumphant car."

Mr. Stanley:—

"If 'outward signs' should aptly harmonise  
With lineage proud, and shew what birth implies,

Then St.—y would all human optics mock,  
Viewed as the acion of a noble stock.  
Mean, vulgar features, stunted, sharp, and sour.  
In peevish mood disclose strong mental power.  
His intellect, precociously matured,  
Official station speedily secured.  
Advanced to place, the young aspirant made  
Old practised statesmen own his useful aid;  
With aptitude deservedly admired,  
He ne'er was found deficient when required.  
But suddenly his rising ground he lost,  
When Wellesley drove his party from their post.

St.—y has talents qualified to sway  
The nation's councils at some future day;  
Nor doubt we that he may be destined yet  
To guide and rule the British cabinet."

Lord Howick (like Mr. Herries, Mr. Thomson, Sir J. Graham, and Sir J. Scarlett) is more unmercifully treated.

"A scraggy strippling of the middle size,  
With pallid face, and small contracted eyes,  
With nose that points a most plebeian tip,  
With teeth protruding o'er his nether lip,  
Presents himself upon a bench that backs  
The row in front with accessory hacks—  
That place he takes (too good a one to miss),  
Where Horton left a vacant seat for T. W. S.  
Sometimes he sports a red morocco box,  
Which in the pomp of office he unlocks,  
To fix the eyes of Sibthorp, or Leigh Keck,  
Upon the noble sub-deputed sec.  
Horton's old mantle H—k makes his own,  
Across his shoulders whimsically thrown;  
And rapid lingo finds a hackney'd theme  
In emigration, as a social scheme,  
Destined to render th' English nation blest,  
By getting rid of paupers as a pest;  
If starving hinds and all their tribe will go  
Where hungry cravings none can ever know:  
Where Indian mothers, and their sucking squaws,  
Find ceaseless practice for their copper jaws;  
Or where th' Australian to the stranger yields;  
In savage sulk, his boundless woods and fields;  
Where culprits that escaped the gallows-tree  
Become possessors of estates in fee,  
And those estates, from genial option, choose  
In districts stocked with thieves and kangaroos."

Sir R. Peel:—

"Few public men from fortune more have won,  
Than Oxford's cheris'd, now discarded son;  
Cradled in wealth, and finding in his sire  
Ambition that could teach him to aspire,  
He wander'd, in the morn of early days,  
Along those banks where Isis calmly strays,  
And with the Muses pass'd unnumber'd hours,  
Where Alfred's temple rears its classic towers.  
Hence, in due time, with cultured mind he sped,  
Pitt's footsteps marking where young Peel's should  
tread:  
And ardent Tories hail'd, with loud acclaim,  
The brilliant prospect of his future fame.  
To power he rose, and Ireland was the field  
Where first that power he stood prepared to wield.  
Long was he deem'd most faithful to a cause  
That cursed a nation with unequal laws—  
That spread distraction and fierce rancour round,  
While horrid compact adverse factions bound;  
On him high Tory zealots, in their pride,  
With bold exulting confidence relied.  
But time advanced, still bearing on its wings  
A warning strong to ministers and kings:  
The quondam Irish secretary now  
Was forced to state the 'wherefore' and the 'how';  
His former policy he must abjure,  
The safety of his empire to secure."

These specimens must suffice: we have made them with reference to their poetical merits, not to their opinions; they will shew what sort of a production this is, and our critical duty requires neither less nor more.

*Transactions of the Royal Asiatic Society of Great Britain and Ireland.* Vol. III. Part I. 4to. pp. 189. London, 1831, Parbury, Allen, and Co.; Paris, Dondey Dupré and Sons.

THIS new Part of the *Transactions* of our Royal Asiatic contains much to interest the reader, and is very creditable to the Society and its members. The first paper consists of letters from Sir W. Jones, and is hallowed by the name of that distinguished orientalist, besides possessing many illustrations of the literature and science of India. The second presents us with extracts from the *Muashjât-i-Dârâ-Shekhî*, by Major David Price; the third, by Captain James Low, treats of *Buddha* and the *Phrabât*, and is altogether so curious

that we will bring some portions of it before the general public.

The *Phrabât* is supposed to be a footmark left by *Buddha*; which has been converted into a tabular altar, covered with figures and symbols, and worshipped with great piety by the professors of that religion. Captain Low goes over all the emblems on one of these, and explains them very skillfully. Of it he says:—

"In an impression of a divine foot of *Buddha*, given in Captain Symes's *Ava*, the five toes are represented by five chank shells. But in the one in which the emblem we are now investigating occurs, five flowers of the *Dâk mont-ha* (of the Siamese) form the toes. The number alludes manifestly to the five *Buddhas*; while the five flowers may allude to those flowers which appeared when the world had been created; and which, having been deposited in safety by a Brahman, were afterwards distributed, four to the *Thakurs*, and one to *Saeyu*. The Bali account of the *Phrabât* does not describe the types which form the toes; which accounts for the variation found in several *Phrabâts*, and favours the supposition that it was originally a mere hieroglyphical tale."

"The more," he adds, (speaking of the interpretation of the legends commemorated in these types), "the more we penetrate into the mythological writings and traditions of the natives of Hindustan, or into those of the extra-Gangetic nations who have adopted kindred schemes of religious belief, the more shall we be satisfied that very few indeed of their legendary narratives are entirely destitute of some foundation in history. It is not therefore advisable to reject what may wear the aspect of pure fable; for such may often lead us to results to which we could not have arrived by any other route."

One of the figures on the *Phrabât* is a dog, and the writer observes: "Thus we have Sirius, the celestial barker, whose heliacal rising announced in Egypt the beginning of the new year, and who is otherwise Anubis with a dog's head; supposed by Mr. Maurice (from whom these two remarks are taken) to have typified the god *Bud-ha*, or to be the horizontal circle personified. Terrestrial dogs are mentioned in the account of the mysterious rites of Isis in Egypt. Maurice imagines that *T-hot-h*, who went from Phenicia, in the earliest ages of the world, to Egypt, and there erected a great empire, was the true Anubis, who was afterwards raised to a conspicuous station in Sirius, the brightest constellation, who was also one of the eight greater gods. The Kou-was, or watch-dog of the skies, is worshipped in Abyssinia, according to Bruce. Sir W. Jones supposed, that the Gymnosophists of Ethiopia professed the doctrines of *Budd-ha*; and, subsequently to these authorities, further reasons have been adduced (I think by the late Colonel Wilford) in support of the supposition that *Budd-ha* was worshipped in Africa. There are in that country the mountains of Soma, or the moon; and we know that many accounts make *Budd-ha* to have sprung from Soma; which title is still retained in Sanscrit. Recent travellers have favoured the supposition that Ethiopia gave its religion to Egypt; and we may believe that it was received into Ethiopia from Chaldaea, or some central country of Asia; but whether the Buddhist and canine superstitions were co-existent or not, it would be no easy task to shew. The dog has howled over the guilty in the infernal regions of Indian, Grecian, and Roman mythology. In the hells of the Hindus, the Burmans, and Siamese, he yells in the ears of the guilty shades, and tears them to pieces. Wilford has shewn, that

the *Cerberus* of Hindu mythology, one of the dogs of Yama, is indubitably the *Cerberus* of the Greeks; but Yama himself, *Budd-ha* observed, is merely a name, and has no existence but in the mind's eye. The dog is a sign of dignity both in China and Siam. It appears so, at least, with respect to the former, from the badge which the portrait of Van-ta-gin, in Barrow's *Travels* in China, wears on his breast. And, with respect to the latter, Siamese writings shew that the *Sunak-handm*, or 'dog general,' is an honourable title in the field. In Japan the dog is, according to Kemper, held in high estimation; the cause does not appear to have been entirely of a religious nature. Kemper says it was owing to one of their kings having been born under the sign of the dog."

The research crowded into this short extract is sufficient to shew the value of Captain Low's communication. We will now copy from him a description of an Eastern hell.

"It only remains (he says) to describe the infernal regions of Siamese mythology, as derived by them from the Bali; and hence we may judge of the checks which the religion of Siam would give to the passions of the multitude, if perfectly operative; it certainly works greatly on their fears. For this purpose I have extracted the following descriptions from the *Miinda*: 1st. Of the *Maha Naraka-attha*, or eight great hells, and the punishments of the wicked in them. Murderers go into the hell *Sanchiewa*. Five hundred years of mankind are equal to a day and night in the mansion or heaven *Chattu Maha Râphêka*, which lies in the latitude of the constellation of the Alligator; and five hundred years of this heaven are equivalent to a day and night of this hell. When the suffering spirits have endured the torments of this immense period, they return to the earth, and animate the bodies of vile reptiles, or ferocious animals. Thieves are precipitated into the hell *Kalasuttie*. One thousand years of man are equal to one day and night in *Tawatingasa Sâ-wan* (the heaven of Indra); and one thousand years in this last form a day and night in the hell *Kalasuttie*. When the guilty have been punished for this period, they return to the earth, and animate the bodies of miserable wretches and loathsome animals. Adulterers pass into the hell called *Sanghatta*, where they remain for two thousand ages. Two thousand earthly years are equal to a day and night in the heaven *Yama*; and two thousand years in *Yama* are equivalent to a day and night in *Sanghatta Naraka*. Adulterers, again, ascend to the earth, and animate the bodies of women, to all appearance, but deprived in reality of the sexual distinction. Liars fall into the hell called *Rorâwa Naraka*, and there are tormented for four thousand *yugas*. Four thousand years of man form a day and night in *Dutsida Savan*; and four thousand years in this last are equivalent to a day and night of *Rorâwa Naraka*. The guilty soul, when it again visits the earth, becomes a devil, or animal of hideous aspect. Drunkards and sots are precipitated into the *Maha Rorâwa*, or the great hell. Eight thousand earthly years equal one day and night in the heaven *Nimanaratté*; while eight thousand of its years are the measure of a day and night in *Maha Rorâwa*. *Khama*: here the guilty remain for sixteen hundred of its years. *Maha* (or great) *Khama*, where the wicked dwell one half of a *kalpa*. *Maha Awfêch*, where the guilty dwell for the period of one *kalpa*. The punishments in all of these hells are proportioned to the crimes of the sinners. There is the *Loha*

*Kimbhe*, or the iron cauldron hell, in which the sinner is boiled. The *Sampahale*, where there are high trees, on which grow long spikes, and upon which sinners are transfixed; while huge birds gnaw their flesh and tear them with their talons. The *Asitohaka* and *Asinakha*, where are great lakes and reservoirs of freezing water, and fields of inextinguishable fire; and where the guilty are punished by being suddenly transported from one of these to the other. *Tampohaka*, where there are iron pots with liquid fire; and *Pitaka Baphata*, where immense grinding stones and hills roll over and crush the wicked. *Asiada Naga*, the hell of snakes; *Sunakha*, that of dogs. *Yanapatsana*, where the damned soul is hurled down from awful heights, and dashed on rocks. *Kusa*, where there is fire, from which no flame proceeds. *Ayolwa*: balls and bars of red-hot iron are here prepared for the guilty to grasp in their hands and bear on their shoulders. Each of the eight great hells is surrounded by sixteen lesser ones; and each of these again by forty still smaller ones: making fifty-seven in all for one group. Each group is enclosed by a massive iron wall, nine *yojanas* thick. In this are four gates, one at each face of the square. The whole of the hells, composing one *Maha Naraka*, amount to four hundred and fifty-six. The rulers in hell are in number sixty-four, and they sit in judgment at the gates; that is, thirty-two remain on the judgment-seats for six infernal months, when they are relieved by thirty-two others. From the corners of the iron square extend four lines of hells, joining with the great one. They are,—1st. *Wetarane Naraka*. In this hell are famous lotus flowers, which swim on the surface of the cold lakes. They are furnished either with sharp spikes to catch the falling sinner, or with downy cups to receive the souls of those who, although sinners, have yet committed more good than bad actions, and are entitled to pardon. 2d. *Asepata Wananaka*. 3d. *Kokkula*. 4th. *Utha Naraka*. In certain spaces betwixt these hells lie iron mountains, dazzling and resplendent, but not hot: they are termed *Katsika bahpbat*. Above the infernal regions is the abode of evil spirits, who often ascend amidst the mountains of *Hemavata*. This passage points out the site of *Mera*.

Some of the existing details are very remarkable, but more fit for a scientific work than a periodical for all eyes. We pass therefore to some notes of common interest.

"Mankind in the Siamese, as well as the Burman cosmogony, become extinct at the destruction of a world. They are reproduced by the descent of certain deities from the abodes of the *Tshewatda*, who are allured from their starry habitations by the sweet scent arising from the crust of the new-born earth. The *Devatas* are believed to be spirits which have formerly animated mortal frames; and when the periods, during which they have been judged worthy to enjoy bliss in heaven, on account of their virtues, have respectively drawn to a close, they must again return to the earth to undergo probation in new states of existence."

More might frame new Loves of the Angels out of this strange, but frequently beautiful and highly imaginative mythology. The serpent, it may readily be supposed, figures in the Buddha-creed, as in all ancient systems of religion.

"When *Garuda* stole the *Amrita*, or water of immortality, from *Kailas*, some of it fell from his mouth upon some grass. The serpents licked it up, and have ever since had forked

tongues. The *Seshanaga*, or prince of the serpents, is also said to tenant the southern hemisphere, or nether world. The serpent was also called the Malignant Serpent; the Evil Genius; the Dragon of the Hesperides, and the Polar Dragon; and *Asacha*, the principle of good and evil, was represented by two serpents contending for the mundane egg. The king of the *Assirs*, in Hindu mythology, was also the prince of the *Nagas*, or snakes."

"The King of Snakes and *Indra* are great agents in Siamese mythology; and also in history, when any great event is to receive the embellishments of fiction. The former is stated, in the Siamese history of Ligor, to have been one of the means of inducing *Tampasukkarat*, Prince of *Awadi*, to settle and people that country. *Badan* (*Patala*) is his residence. According to Wilford he lived in *Chaoiagiri*. *Naga* signifies either a mountain snake, or an elephant."

The following is another and a very poetical symbol:

"*Satta Maha Sara*, in Siamese *Sa Yai Chet*, or the seven great lakes of *Himala*, abounding in every variety of the lotus or water-lily, and filled with wonderful fishes. Their shores are fringed with flowers of exquisite fragrance and brilliant hues: while the forests are tenanted by the rarest and most formidable species of animals. Below a wide-spreading tree, in these regions, lives the mighty *Elephant King*, who has a retinue of 8,000 followers, elephants like himself, and of four different colours. His wives are three in number, viz. 1st. *Maha Supatsa*; 2d. *Machema Supatsa*; and 3d. *Chumla Supatsa*. These were, no doubt, either queens, or perhaps kings at some former period: for it may be remarked, that spirits migrate into either sex after death. *Sangermano* tells us, the Burmans suppose that from the seven lakes of *Hemavanta* spring five rivers; the chief of these lakes being *Anondit*. The Burman and Siamese geography of *Himala* is nearly the same. In the *Ratana Kalapa* is noticed a great lake called *Sidhantara*, in which nothing will swim."

Another remarkable feature is "*Walahako*. The Siamese *Ma Phalahok*, said to have been the famous horse of *Himala*; termed likewise the 'Horse of the sky.' This seems to allude to the white horse of the *Kali Avatar*, which is yet to come. We cannot help being struck with the coincidence of a white horse being also conspicuously described in Holy Writ. He figures in Hindu chronology as the deity who

"In *Lieut.-colonel Franklin's* interesting researches on the *Jeynes* and *Boddhistas*, published since the foregoing remarks were written, he has given an interesting account of the *Serpent Worship*. He observes, that it was mixed with the Jewish ordinances; that the dragon, or gyron, was worshipped in Babylon, in the reign of Cyrus, as recorded in the *Apocrypha*. Bryant observes that, in the orgies of *Bacchus*, the persons who performed the ceremony carried serpents in their hands, calling with horrid screams upon *Eva*, or the *Serpent*. *Thermuthis*, or *Ob-ob*, or *Basileus*, was the royal serpent of Egypt. The *Cuthites* had always some legends of a serpent. At *Colchis*, *Thebes*, and *Delphi*, the same worship prevailed. The serpent, according to *Montfaucon*, was a symbol of the sun; and *Eusebius* has observed that a serpent within a circle, touching it at the two opposite extremes, signifies the good genius, the *Eudaimon* of the Greeks. *Vossius*, in his 63d chapter, on Pagan Idolatry, details the origin of the serpent worship, affirming that it commenced in *Chaldea*. *Pythagoras* brought the worship from Egypt to Greece, and thence it passed into Italy. The serpentine pillar of the *Hippodrome*, and the temple at *Delphi*, were erected in honour of *Apollo*, in commemoration of his victory over the great serpent *Python*. *Esculapius*, the Grecian god of physic, has a serpent emblem amongst his attributes. In *Persia*, *Zoroaster*, or *Zerdusht*, is represented as girded by a serpent: and in one hand of the figure, which represents the planet *Saturn*, is the serpent. In India the serpent *Vasuki*, whom the *Buddh* and *Jains* used as a rope in churning the ocean, is too well known to need description. In the time of *Pausanias* a statue of *Minerva* was to be seen at *Argos*

watches over the seven [it ought, perhaps to be eight, unless he himself forms the eighth] parts of the globe, which were guarded by the *Avatars*, or guardian angels. Perhaps this is a type of the famous white horse of sacrifice at the *Aswamedha Yag*, or at the sanguinary rites of the *Druids*, who, according to *Maurice*, were obliged to substitute a white steer in place of so rare an animal as the other then was in Britain."

Again: "*Erawanno*. The Siamese *Chang Erawan*. This elephant appertains to *Indra*, the god of the firmament, or *Jupiter Tonans*. In an extract from a Bali work, named *Intrapati*, given to me, he is described as having thirty-three heads. In each head are seven tusks; and in each tusk seven ponds of water. In every pond are seven lotus plants; each of these plants has seven flowers; every flower seven leaves; and each leaf supports seven princesses, each of whom is waited upon by seven slaves. These nymphs incessantly surround the throne of *Indra*, softly gliding through the dance to the melody of the spheres. This is an additional instance of the great antiquity of the partiality shewn by various nations for the number seven. *Erawanno*, according to the *Bali Milinda*, is described as being one hundred and fifty *yojanas* high; and his body is proportioned thereto. He seems to be the same as the *Aravata*, or one of the precious things procured by the gods by churning the ocean with the mountain *Mandara*."

"The woods of the Indo-Chinese countries shelter a species of cattle much larger than the *Yak*. In the woods of the coast of Siam, the bison is a very powerful animal, and seems not yet to have been accurately described. I have only seen its horns, which measure twenty-four inches in length, and nineteen in circumference at the base. The termination of the black part of the horn is twelve inches from the tip, and nine in circumference."

We are glad to find a useful notice of modern natural history in an explanation of ancient superstitions. To the latter, however, we must return.

"*Watta Sangho*. The Siamese *Hae Sang*, i. e. the shell *Sang*. It is the chank shell, or *buccinum*, with the involutions turned from left to right. It is also termed by the Siamese *Sang Takhinnawat*. It is most valued when it can be found with this, I imagine, unusual conchological conformation. It is highly prized all over India, and venerated more or less by all classes of Hindus. These shells form a considerable branch of traffic betwixt Ceylon and

made of marble, and which exhibited two serpents unfolded at her feet, and protected by her shield. *Colonel F.* further notices that the serpent worship prevailed in Russia, and other northern nations, and also in Mexico and Peru. *Faber* describes the *Vitaspituti*, or deity of Mexico, as holding in his right hand a staff, cut in form of a serpent; while the four corners of the Mexican ark terminated in carved representations of serpents' heads. Here also was the *Chenochuastiti*, or 'woman of our flesh,' who was represented with a great serpent. The *Evil Being* of the Goths is said to have had two children, *Death* and an immense serpent; the latter of which wined himself round the whole globe of the earth. The Goths were a branch of the *Cuthites*, who came from the Indian Caucasus; and *Thor* or *Woden*, is the *Budha* of India, the great father of Scandinavian mythology, who dragged the serpent *Midgard* from the bottom of the sea. In *Stonehenge* the serpent *Hu* was venerated; and the circle at *Abury* enclosed two other circles, and was attached to an enormous snake, formed of upright stones, with a fourth circle for its head. This god is represented with wings. In conclusion, he observes, that it would appear that this royal sacred serpent of Egypt, the serpent *Canophis*, or *Cneph*, as seen in the temples of *Thebes*;—the serpentine deity of *Persia*, as represented on the walls of *Persepolis*; and at *Nakshi Rostam*;—the serpentine deities of the Chinese;—the globe and winged serpent of the *Chaldean Mages*;—the great serpent *Ananta Shesha Naga*, and *Vasuki*, of Hindu mythology;—the Mexican serpent;—and the *Midgard* of Scandinavia, all spring from one and the same source."

Bengal, being exported from the former. When the number of convolutions of a shell amounts to ten, the Siamese prize it most, because this is the number of the *Chiat*, or states of existence of *Pphá Buddha*, which he had passed through previous to his last appearance. Maurice also informs us, that the nine valves of this shell allude to the nine incarnations of *Vishnu*. The *Shaphar* of the Jews seems to accord with this shell, both being applied to religious uses."

"*Khrut* is a favourite bird with the Siamese. But they evidently connect him with some dynasty of kings. I will, therefore, briefly describe one of their legends respecting him, which they told me has been extracted from the *Bali Nipat*. It is wrought into a romantic legend in their own language, and termed *Ru-ring Pphra Pphrommat*, hat of *Pharandú* (or Benares), and *Nang Kaki* his queen. The *Bali* designations of the king and queen are *Pphramat*, hat, *ha Raja*, and *Kaki Nari*. This princess had a lovely countenance, with a frame of exquisite symmetry, which possessed likewise such a heavenly fragrance, that the senses of ravished man were overpowered to a distance from her of seven *yojanas*, or about sixty-three miles. The king had a prime minister, *Khon Than*, who had the faculty of being able at any time to transfer his soul into the body of any animal, or to change his own body into the likeness of one. He was likewise a skilful musician. It so happened that *Garuda*, in shape of a handsome youth of polished deportment, visited the court of King *Pphrommat*, hat, and was invited to play a game at chess (the *len saka* of the Siamese) by his majesty. While at play, the ladies of the palace, with their attendant maidens, beheld *Garuda*; and instantly, from gazing on his beautiful countenance, forgot the duty they owed their lord and king. *Garuda* soon perceived the impression he had made on the affections of the accomplished queen, and determined in his mind to carry her off. Accordingly, at night he assumed his bird-like form, and approaching the window of her apartment he placed her on his back, and then flew towards *Simp*, hat. The minister, *Khon T'han*, was aware of the elopement, and devised a scheme to recover the lady. When *Garuda* next played at chess with the king, and was departing, the minister reduced his body to the size of a mite, and fastening himself on the back of *Garuda*, he was in the evening transported by him to his abode. He remained here seven days unknown to *Garuda*, and endeavouring to persuade the lady to return, to which she at length consented. *Khon T'han*, therefore, on the next visit of *Garuda* to the king, and while they were busy at their favourite game, serenaded them with his voice, accompanied by his violin or guitar—singing these words:—How elevated is the lover when smiled on by his mistress. Even here my sinking senses are refreshed and delighted by the fragrant zephyr—the breath of that lovely one, whose dwelling-place is in the forest of *Simp*, hat." The quick ear of *Garuda* caught the tormenting sounds. He speedily returned to his abode; and upbraiding *Kaki Nari* for her coquetry and fleeting attachment, conveyed her back to the palace of her husband."

With this we shall finish what we have to offer from Captain Low's notes upon the *Phra-bát*; and while speaking of these divine footmarks, will suggest an inquiry, whether the common practice (visible on every spot visited by travellers—such as church-roofs, mountain tops, rocks, &c. &c.,) of shaping a foot on

which to carve initials of names and dates, can have any connexion with these very ancient traditions?

Among the remaining papers are two very circumstantial and curious descriptions of the Marriage Ceremonies of the Hindus and Mahometans; communicated by Sir Alexander Johnston. The former is particularly novel and interesting.

*Love; a Poem.* By the Author of "Corn-Law Rhymes." 8vo. pp. 131. 3d edition. London, 1831, Steill; Sheffield, Blackwell and Pearce.

THERE are many Napoleons among books—one favourite of fame who emerges from obscurity, and forthwith casts the light of its renown over its less successful elder brethren. This is the case with the volume before us. The *Corn-Law Rhymes*, a singularly original and often beautiful composition, attracted public attention, which extended itself to its predecessors. We have reason to believe that the term assumed, by "a mechanic," was only a poetical license, such not being really the author's calling; but this is not our business, which lies with the volume before us. Modelled on a school long since past, *Love* resembles in form the *Pleasures of Imagination*; and *Akenside* is evidently a favourite author. There is a fine eye for the beauties of nature, and much of poetical feeling; but as a whole, it does not escape the usual destiny of a didactic poem, being both long and dull. It is a composition which gives you a higher idea of the writer than it does of itself; but it is one to furnish some favourite extracts. We shall make a brief selection.

Invocation:—

"Love! eldest Muse! Time heard thine earliest lay,  
When light through heav'n led forth the new-born day.  
The stars, that give no accent to the wind,  
Are golden odes and music to the mind;  
So passion's thrill is Nature's minstrelsy;  
So, to the young heart, Love is poetry.  
God of the soul! illumination, caught  
From thy bright glance, is energy to thought;  
And song, bereft of thee, is cold and tame—  
The bard a cinder, uninstinct with flame.  
But when the heart looks through the eye of Love  
On Nature's form, things lifeless breathe and move;  
The dewy forest smiles—dim morning shakes  
The rainbow from his plumage—music wakes  
The dimpled ripple of the azure wave—  
In fiery floods green hills their tresses lave—  
And myriad flowers, all brightening from the dews,  
Day's earth-born stars, their golden beams effuse:  
Transported passion bids rocks, floods, and skies,  
Burst into song, while her delighted eyes  
To all they see their own rich hues impart,  
And the heart's language speaks to every heart."

The following is beautiful:—

"Bless'd is the hearth when daughters gird the fire,  
And sons that shall be happier than their sire,  
Who sees them crowd around his evening chair,  
While Love and Hope inspire his wordless pray'r.  
Oh, from their home paternal may they go,  
With little to unlearn, though much to know!  
Then may no poison tongue, no evil eye,  
Curse for the virtues that refuse to die—  
The generous heart, the independent mind;  
Till truth, like falsehood, leaves a sting behind!  
May temperance crown their feast, and friendship share!  
May pity come, Love's sister-spirit, there!  
May they shun baseness as they shun the grave!  
May they be frugal, pious, humble, brave!  
Sweet peace be their's, the moonlight of the breast,  
And occupation, and alternate rest,  
And, dear to ease and thought, the rural walk!  
Their's be no flower that withers on the stalk,  
But roses cropp'd, that shall not bloom in vain,  
And hope's bless'd sun, that sets to rise again!  
Be chaste their nuptial bed, their home be sweet,  
Their floor resound the tread of little feet;  
Bless'd beyond fear and fate, if bless'd by thee,  
And heirs, oh, love! of thine eternity!"

We conclude with the ensuing description:—

"Dost thou mourn with me  
The year's autumnal spring?  
Sigh'st thou this second verdure to see,  
Of woodbines blossoming?  
So late, so pale, with senseless breath,  
Like lingering Hope, that smiles in death,

And, e'en when life is o'er,  
Leaves on Misfortune's ice-cold face  
The sweetness of its last embrace,  
To fade, and be no more?  
Lo, June's divested primrose sports  
A silken coil again;  
And, like late-smiling sickness, courts  
The coy morn—but in vain!  
Lo, half the elm's rich robe is gone!  
The ash, a living skeleton,  
Deplores his yellow hair;  
Yet, while the beech-leaf rustles red,  
And while the maple bows her head  
In mournful honours paid—  
Methinks the armed gorse appears  
More golden than when May  
Left April dying in her tears  
Beneath the plummy spray;  
And, for her lover's triumph won,  
Danced with her blue-bell anklets on,  
And bless'd his burning eye.  
Come, Laura, come! and hear the thrush,  
O'er autumn's gorse, from budding bush,  
Pour vernal melody!  
Come! and beneath the fresh green leaf  
That mocks the aged year,  
Thy bard, who loves the joy of grief,  
Shall weave a chaplet here;  
Not pluck'd from summer's wither'd bowers,  
Not form'd of autumn's hopeless flowers—  
Yet sad and wan as they:  
Here, still, some flowers of Eden blow;  
But dently pale and stain'd with woe,  
Like gallit, they shun the day.  
While Folly treads beneath his feet  
The daisy of the vale;  
Love's rose, though sick at heart, is sweet—  
Joy's leaf is fair, though pale.  
And worth admires, resign'd and meek,  
The tear-drop on the violet's cheek,  
And Hope shall death survive."

The narrative parts are the worst; all the characters talk too much: people in utter despair never make long speeches.

#### Major Ricketts on the Ashantee War.

[Second Notice.]

WE reserved some of Major Ricketts' statements relative to the colony of Sierra Leone itself for our present Number, and with them we conclude our notice of his intelligent volume.

"At intervals during the day in the rainy season, the action of an intensely hot sun on the earth, covered with a luxuriant vegetation, and saturated with moisture, produces a disagreeable sickening smell, which is probably one of the causes of the fever that prevails at this period of the year, as persons recently arrived are generally taken ill in July or August; some, however, have been known to reside in the colony above two years without having been affected by it. If they remain beyond this time, they are certain not to escape much longer, and when at length they take the fever, it generally proves fatal to them. It is considered the more favourable symptoms for a stranger to be seized with the fever soon after his arrival. The havoc which this dreadful disease has made among the Europeans who have gone out, or have been sent to the colony, is well known. On the first arrival of European troops in 1825, they died in greater numbers than at any subsequent period.

The coast is now garrisoned by three companies of the royal African corps, consisting of one hundred men each, stationed at Sierra Leone, at the Gambia, and at Fernandes Po; there are also recruiting parties of the first and second West India regiments at Sierra Leone. These regiments have been very successful in obtaining recruits among the liberated Africans, from the villages, who voluntarily enlist, and cheerfully embark for the West Indies. All the European troops have been sent home, and the whole of the coast is now garrisoned by native soldiers. . . . The population of the colony is about twenty-six thousand. Freetown is inhabited by European merchants, who have built houses for their stores and

residences, Maroons, Nova Scotians, blacks (called settlers), discharged soldiers from the West India regiments, exiles from Barbadoes, and liberated Africans who have obtained lots of land in the town. It is well and regularly laid out, and the streets, most of which lately have been properly constructed, are sixty feet wide. Notwithstanding the money which has been expended on public buildings, there are none in the town with the exception of the jail, the barracks, the commissariat, and the buildings of the liberated Africans, that are worthy of the name. The houses, from the destructive nature of the climate, require annual reparation; even iron, unless well painted, will not withstand its effects long. The buildings are erected with a red clay-stone, which is found in quarries in the neighbourhood.

Many persons belonging to the surrounding tribes have taken up their temporary residence in the colony, and the Mahometan religion, which many of them profess, allowing a man to have several wives, is in that respect making much progress. With the exception of the most respectable of the Maroons and Nova Scotians, the native inhabitants have not advanced much in European civilisation, not being so refined in this respect as a domestic slave in the West Indies; but they are fond of dress, and newly liberated Africans soon follow their example to the extent of their means. The Maroons still retain a dialect peculiar to them in Jamaica. Some of the Maroon lads, by being employed in the Europeans' shops, improve themselves much, particularly in their writing. They occasionally give parties, at which there are young ladies who figure away in a country dance, copied from the Europeans; some of whom give a ball and supper, but to which none of the males of colour are invited, except one individual, a merchant, who is often a guest at the dinner-table of the Europeans.

The liberated Africans are now supported by government only for six months after liberation in the colony by the mixed-commission courts, at the rate of two pence per day for each adult, and three halfpence per day for children: a piece of cloth sufficiently large to wrap round the body, and a blanket, is given to each individual, or one blanket between two children, on landing. The men are not located until three months after they are received by the liberated official department, being employed on light work during that time, for the good of the public. When I assumed the government, I adopted the plan of sending half the newly arrived African males to clear land and build huts for themselves, and the remainder was kept in Freetown, and employed in the manner above stated. Thus they were provided with houses and provision-grounds when their time of working for the public had expired. During the six months they have also issued to them two shirts and two pair of trousers each, and when located, provided with implements of agriculture and cooking utensils. The government provide for them, as already stated, during six months, at the expiration of which they are put on their own resources, and are usually assisted by their own country people until they are well able to maintain themselves. Some of the men are occasionally apprenticed to the merchants who are engaged in the timber-trade up the rivers, and favourable reports have been made of them. They will readily hire themselves, but they require much looking after. Many of them, after having resided some time in the colony, acquire a small capital, principally by traffic in European

articles. None of these people hire themselves as sailors on board of ships, nor do they serve as boatmen, owing to their incapacity; but a few of them possess canoes, in which they employ the neighbouring natives, and trade to the adjacent rivers with European merchandise, which they exchange for rice, to retail again in Freetown. Some of the discharged soldiers employ themselves also in this manner. This is the kind of occupation which these people like; and as soon as any of them acquire some capital in another line, they speculate in traffic. Some of them also saw boards, and split shingles, which they sell at Freetown. The women get married, as they are not allowed to be taken otherwise by the men, almost immediately after being landed. Some of the girls and boys are apprenticed to the inhabitants on liberation, and the remainder sent to school in the villages, where they are supported and clothed until they are either apprenticed or able to provide for themselves; some of the girls are also disposed of from thence in marriage."

There are seventeen liberated African villages in the colony; and at "present, except those who are tied to the villages by possessing good houses in them, the liberated Africans move from place to place as their fancy leads them; and as no regular allotment until lately had been given to them, they sit down as they call it wherever they like. Ideas of perfect liberty have too soon been given to these people, considering their utter ignorance. If one of them were now asked why he does not repair his house, clean his farm, mend his fence, or put on better clothes, he replies, 'that king no give him work this time, and that he can do no more than burn bush and plant little cassada for yam' (to eat). The trade in slaves is carried to a greater extent than formerly in the neighbouring rivers; the vessels that frequent them carry for this purpose Spanish dollars and doubloons, which subsequently find their way to Sierra Leone for goods. Many of the liberated Africans have been enticed from the colony, and others kidnapped by the vagabonds already mentioned, who reside in the suburbs of Freetown: they are resold as slaves; some of them after a few months have been recaptured in slave-vessels, and brought back to the colony to be liberated. The numerous creeks in the immediate vicinity of Sierra Leone, which communicate with the rivers, afford great facility for carrying them off.

"The Portuguese and Spaniards impress on the minds of the slaves that the English are anxious to destroy them; in consequence of which the poor creatures are just after capture much dejected; but as they are generally immediately released from their confinement, and every possible attention paid to them, they soon become cheerful, and although totally unacquainted with one another's language, shortly become familiarised by signs or motions, and when anchored in Freetown harbour, awaiting their adjudication, their countrymen located in the colony visit them; and from being acquainted with their approaching delivery, they indulge in merriment and pleasure. Should there be any disease among the slaves on board the ships, they are landed as soon as the necessary legal forms are gone through. Many of these poor creatures arrive in such a deplorable state from want and disease, that it is difficult to preserve their lives. It is really shocking to humanity to see a cargo of children arrive sometimes mere skeletons, in a complete state of exhaustion. The small pox and measles

often break out on board the slave-vessels, as well as the ophthalmia. Slaves are purchased from the natives on an average for about four pounds each, and are paid for in gunpowder, arms, tobacco, ardent spirits, &c. Those taken in the latitude of Sierra Leone might reach Fernandez Po in fifteen or twenty days."

These extracts not only convey much information, but as the author evidently writes without prejudice or partisanship, his statements are eminently entitled to attention, beyond the mere interest which is to be found in their curious details. The work is unambitious, and the style not very polished; some lithographic prints illustrate it; and, upon the whole, we consider it to be a production of merit and value.

*Medical Zoology and Mineralogy; or, Illustrations and Descriptions of the Animals and Minerals employed in Medicine, and of the Preparations derived from them, &c. &c. With Figures coloured from Nature.* By J. Stephenson, M.D., F.L.S. Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5. London, 1831. Wilson.

This work (to be comprised in twelve Numbers) promises to be extremely useful to the medical, and interesting to the general reader. The author acquitted himself so very well in his former undertaking, entitled *Medical Botany*, that we augured favourably of the present since its first announcement; and the Numbers which have appeared justify the anticipation which we had formed. The following extracts will shew the manner in which the work is executed, and the general as well as professional interest which it is calculated to impart.

"That the beaver (*Castor fiber*) was once indigenous to different parts of Britain, particularly to Wales and Scotland, is certain upon the credit of the most authentic records; and the fact of its having been one of the native quadrupeds of Scotland, has received the most ample confirmation from the occurrence of the fossil remains of the animal in Perthshire and Berwickshire. The earliest written authority we have of the existence, in former times, of the beaver in Wales, is contained in a remarkable document of the ninth century, the Laws of Howel the Good, where the price of the beaver's skin is stated at no less than 120 pence. The latest account of this subject is contained in the *Itinerarium* of Sylvester Giraldus, who travelled through Wales in 1188, or about 300 years after the date of Howel Dhu. He gives a brief history of their manners, and adds that, in his time, the beaver, distinguished by the descriptive and appropriate title of *lloddydan*, or 'broad tail,' was only found on the confines of the river Teivi, in Cardiganshire. In their natural state they subsist entirely on vegetable food, such as roots, young wood, and the bark of trees: they are very partial to the roots of the *magnolia glauca*, which, in America, is known by the names of white laurel, swamp sassafras, and beaver-tree; the poplar, aspen, and birch, are the favourite food of the European beavers. During summer, when these are to be obtained in great abundance, the beavers wander about the meadows and thickets that border the lakes and rivers which abound in North America. On the approach of winter, they quit their roaming way of life, form themselves into companies, and, instructed by instinct, begin to provide for the wants of the season, and set about constructing those habitations which have so long excited the wonder and admiration of mankind."

After noticing the opinions of Sonnerat,

Temminck, Leach, and others, on the origin and races of the domestic cock, the author remarks—"The origin of cock-fighting is lost in the periods of remote antiquity; yet even the polished Athenians allotted one day in the year to this barbarous sport; the Romans seem to have borrowed it from the Greeks, and the ancient Britons from the Romans. So addicted was Henry VIII. to this inhuman spectacle, that he caused a commodious house to be built for its exhibition, and which still retains the name of the *cock-pit*; and the practice was perversely promoted in our public schools. In China the rage for cock-fighting is still more prevalent than in this country; and in Sumatra a man will hazard, not only his property, but his wife and children, on a favourite bird."

Dr. Stephenson has given a detailed account of the different poisonous reptiles, and of the effects of, and modes of treating, their bites. Respecting the species of asp which Cleopatra employed to commit suicide, he remarks:—"It has only been since the expedition of the French to Egypt that the true species of the asp has been ascertained. During the period of that expedition, the French philosophers attached to the army observed a species of ophiidian, regarded as harmless by Linnæus and most herpetologists, but considered as extremely venomous by the traveller Forskål. This ophiidian is called *haje* by the inhabitants; and recent travellers have incontestably proved that it is the true asp of the ancients, which never inhabited Europe; for the reptile, which some years since infested the forest of Fontainebleau, and was called by this name, was nothing but a variety of the common viper; and the *asp* of the Swedes is quite another species from the one in question. The ancients entertained a notion that the poison of this serpent is more deadly than that of any other venomous creature inhabiting the East; that its bite, though inevitably mortal, produced no pain or violent symptoms, and merely occasioned the gradual diminution of pulsation, which was followed, within twenty-four hours, by a profound sleep, terminating in death. Galen assures us that, in Alexandria, to shorten the punishment of criminals condemned to death, they were bitten in the breast by an asp; and Dioscorides asserts that the wounds occasioned by the bite of this reptile are unaccompanied by any local tumefaction, and that they are so small that they appear to have been made with a very fine needle."

*A Catalogue Raisonné of the Works of the most eminent Dutch, Flemish, and French Painters, &c.* By John Smith. Part the Third. Smith and Son.

WE are glad to find that the encouragement afforded to the earlier portions of Mr. Smith's most useful work has encouraged him to proceed. The volume before us comprises the works of Vandyke and David Teniers; and, while it is interesting to the general reader, must be invaluable to the connoisseur and collector. Besides a preface, containing a sketch of the history of portraiture, from Raffæle to Sir Thomas Lawrence, there are brief biographical and critical notices of the two celebrated artists whose productions are immediately in question. From those notices we extract the following passages:—

#### VANDYKE.

"His historical productions, although few in number compared with his other works, are amply sufficient to shew that he possessed the genius requisite to have continued that course with honour, had he made it his exclusive pur-

suit: that he did not do so, may be imputed to two causes; the utter hopelessness of competing successfully with Rubens, and a decided predilection for portraiture. In the various historical subjects treated by his pencil, he has evinced most genius in those of a solemn nature, which excite sympathy and commiseration; such are his *Pietas* and *Crucifixions*. In the latter, the countenance of the suffering Saviour is always indescribably affecting; and in both subjects the agonising grief of the Virgin is depicted with a power of expression which strikingly exemplifies the pathetic appeal, 'Were ever sorrows like unto my sorrows?' still there is a dignified calmness in her demeanour, differing from that of the Magdalen, whose more violent grief arises from grateful attachment: the latter is always weeping and embracing the hands and feet of her Lord. The apostles and holy women are characterised by sentiments of sorrow and devout attachment; and the piety of religious persons is also given with suitable effect and propriety. In the various pictures representing the Holy Family, the Virgin is never devoid of appropriate dignity; and occasionally a look of inspiration beams in her countenance. The same happy choice of intellectual expression does not, however, accompany him in his other figures, as may be observed in his infant Saviour and St. John, which seldom appear to be more than comely children of an ordinary stamp. The subordinate persons in his groups are frequently still more defective. In his compositions he has too often borrowed from Rubens, to be entitled to much credit for invention: witness his pictures of 'Samson and Delilah,' 'St. Ambrose and Theodosius,' and 'St. Martin dividing his cloak.' In many other of his productions may also be detected groups taken from his master's works. Still, it must be admitted that the correctness of his drawing, and a certain air of elegance in the figure, compensate for the plagiarisms. As a colourist he deservedly ranks with the first masters; he could imitate to deception the brilliancy of Rubens, as is instanced in many of his early works; or assume the rich and mellow tones of Titian, as is exemplified by the numerous pictures painted by him when in Italy. If some of his works are censured for the predominant brown tints, it should be recollected that they were not so originally, but have become dark from the protrusion of the ground colour, or from being slight and hasty productions. No painter was ever more skilful or dexterous in his art; his rapid execution was governed by a mastery of touch, accompanied by a lightness and spirit peculiar to himself, and which are frequently the distinguishing characteristics between his works and those of Rubens. In comparison with that illustrious artist, as an historical painter, he was immeasurably inferior; not so in portraiture: in this he rises superior, and may almost claim an equality with Titian. If he has less dignity in expression than the great Venetian, he has infinitely more elegance and grace, as well as natural animation, superadded to chaste and correct drawing, the agreeable art of giving action to his figures, and a more pleasing air to the heads. These excellencies he had acquired by studying the peculiar beauties of the best Italian masters, on which he formed a style entirely his own, and admirably adapted to portray persons of every class and character, which is not the case with the severe and solemn style of Titian. To those who have not attentively considered the works of Van Dyck, it may be useful to observe, that those pictures which he painted in Italy have

more of the Venetian colouring than those of a subsequent period; such are the portraits of a Genoese senator and his lady, in the collection of the Right Hon. Sir Robert Peel; John Count of Nassau, in the collection of Alexander Baring, Esq.; and others already enumerated. Soon after his return to Antwerp he incorporated more of the Flemish mode of colouring into his pictures, perhaps in deference to the taste of his countrymen: amongst the numerous examples of this class may be adduced the portraits of the Chevalier Roy and his lady, now in the Prince of Orange's palace at Brussels; Jacob le Roy, in the possession of Lord Brownlow; the Duke of Nassau and family, in the collection of Earl Cowper; and the *Genovarius* in the National Gallery. The same delightful colouring glows in his early productions in this country; but in proportion as his sitters augmented, his pictures became slighter or less finished; and many of them were done with such despatch that little more than a day sufficed to begin and complete a portrait: for it is asserted, that he frequently kept his sitters to dinner, and by working afterwards, finished it the same day. By these means, and the aid of assistants and pupils, he executed an incredible number of pictures, many of which are painted in a very slight and negligent manner; but though thus hurried, they are never devoid of that elegance and grace which give a charm to all his female portraits, nor deficient in that gentlemanly air and style which is no less attractive in those of the other sex."

#### TENIERS.

"The artist whose life and works form the contents of the succeeding pages, being a pupil of his father, naturally imitated his manner; but, possessing a very superior genius, he gradually abandoned the brown and heavy tones of colour used by him, and adopted those of a clear and silvery kind. His handling is also infinitely more spirited and freer than that of his instructor. He could, doubtless, have invented a style of his own, had not he been so disposed; but he chose rather to improve upon the one he had attained, as he found it so well suited to express with facility whatever he desired to represent. No painter ever exercised the pencil with greater freedom and address—a few hours sufficing him for the production of a picture containing several figures, perfectly formed, and full of animation. With these capabilities, aided by a lively imagination, he was enabled to execute an incredible number of pictures, many of which contain from twenty to one hundred figures, and a few of his productions have triple that number. The subjects which he usually represented were the familiar scenes of peasants or artisans, recreating either with the social pot and pipe, at a *cabaret*, or at their festive and joyous meetings on a village holiday; or in *kermis* time. His genius was not, however, confined to these subjects—it embraced almost every branch of the art. His conversational and musical parties, of persons of distinction, shew that he was well acquainted with the customs and manners of polished society; and whenever he represented himself and family, or his patrons and friends, which he frequently did, in his village scenes, and on other subjects, each person was designated by a suitable character of gentility. His grotesque representations of the 'Rich Man in Hell,' of 'Pandemonium,' of the 'Temptations of St. Anthony,' and of other subjects, shew that admitted the vagaries of fancy, evince the playfulness of his humour, and the fertility of his invention. His landscapes, particularly

those of a small size, please by the light and airy effect which pervades them, and by the animating charm of rustic happiness depicted in the enjoyments of the peasantry. It appears that Teniers was, at one period, so attracted by the energetic and powerful style of Brouwer, that he painted a great number of pictures in imitation of that master; of these the prominent tint is a rich brown, doubtless become more opaque from time. It may also be observed, that the figures in these pictures are usually much larger than in those of his ordinary works, being frequently from twelve to eighteen inches high: this, however, is not a general rule; but they are always painted with a broad, free pencil, full of character and expression. Teniers, like many others in the profession, not content with the orbit in which he moved with splendour, attempted the higher and nobler stations of the art, and produced several historical and even poetical subjects. To accomplish these successfully required something more than the knowledge of common nature, or the blandishments of colour and facile execution; his lofty attempts ended much like the ambitious soaring of Icarus: although the subjects just noticed must have cost him infinitely more time and labour than his usual pictures, they are of much less value in public estimation. There is yet one branch of the art in which the versatile genius of this artist manifested itself with admirable success, namely, in *passiccio*, or imitations of the Italian masters, chiefly those of the Venetian school. In this endeavour he seems to have taken a peculiar delight, having left many examples in the style of Titian, Bassan, Tintoretto, and Giorgione. These possess much of the breadth of handling, richness of colour, and force of effect, peculiar to the works of those masters; their principal deficiency is in expression, and in this may be traced their Flemish origin. The writer has taken considerable pains to ascertain, identify, and authenticate the early works of this master; and, so far as he has been able to learn, they invariably partake of a brown tone of colour; and such appear to have been painted previously to his 30th year, about which period he gradually quitted these predominant brown tints, and adopted a much more clear, and what is termed silvery manner of colouring. Many of his finest works are dated 1647. In his latter time his handling became feeble and tremulous, and his colouring less transparent, with a tendency to a yellow brown. The vehicle or medium, used by him, in painting, was evidently of the same kind as that with which Rubens, Breughel, and other artists of that school, worked; and, whatever this medium may have been, it is plain that it possessed two very important qualities, namely, of giving transparency to the colours, and being a convenient texture for its application; for nothing short of these, in conjunction with a perfect knowledge of the principles of the art, could have enabled him to produce such an incredible number of pictures, many of them filled with a multitude of figures, displaying the most lively animation and an infinite variety of action. The pictures most esteemed by connoisseurs are those painted on a light ground, formed with a preparation of chalk, or plaster of Paris; over which he scumbled his various tints of brown and pearly grays; the figures, and some of the accessories, were, at the same time, spiritedly sketched in with bistre; and the principal shadows thrown in; these were succeeded by the half tones, taking always especial care to preserve delicacy

and transparency: in the finishing, all the higher lights, and whatever required solidity, were charged with a body of colour; a few sparkling and spirited touches, and occasional glazing tints, completed the work. Some idea may be formed of the extraordinary number of pictures produced by this expert painter, by a quotation of his own words, 'that it would require a gallery two leagues in length to contain all his pictures.'"

*Gerald Fitzgerald; an Irish Tale.* By Ann of Swanes, author of "Uncle Peregrine's Heiress," &c. &c. 5 vols. London, 1831. Newman and Co.

AFTER all, a novel of the old school is the real *El Dorado*; gold and jewels are as plentiful as reasons; and heiresses distribute their wealth as if it were advice. The pages before us are venerable, at least, for their antiquity; and we could as soon say any thing disrespectful of our grandmother as of Ann of Swanes. Of the contents we need only observe, that wealth, titles, and beauty, abound: there is also a mystery, a murder, and an elopement; together with a very perfect heroine, who, at fifteen, declaims against idle pleasures, weeps at going to a ball, and is unhappy at having diamonds to wear. Marvels enough, our readers will grant, for one work.

*A General System of Gardening and Botany, containing a complete Illustration and Description of all Plants hitherto known; with their Generic and Specific Characters, Places of Growth, Time of Flowering, Mode of Culture, and their Uses in Medicine and Domestic Economy. Preceded by Introductions to the Linnaean and Natural Systems, and a Glossary of the Terms used. Founded upon Miller's Gardener's Dictionary, and arranged according to the Natural System.* By George Don, F.L.S. 4to. (in 4 vols.) Vol. I. pp. 318. London, 1831. Rivingtons; Clarkes; Longman and Co.; and most of the principal publishers.

THIS ample title-page so accurately describes the laborious, scientific, and most useful work, of which the first volume has just appeared, that we have little to say, except that it excellently fills up a great desideratum in the gardening and botanical world. Mr. Don is possessed of that practical experience which has enabled him to add the latest information to all the vast stock previously systematised, and his talent and diligence are equally deserving of our highest praise. The Introductions are intelligent, and the following of Jussieu judicious; the newer matter, derived from the *Lambertian Herbarium*, very valuable. The multitude of wood-cuts are well executed; and the text, though it looks cramp and difficult at first sight, from the number of contracted signs, is yet, after a slight attention, quite easy and plain. The mass of instruction conveyed is prodigious.

*Bible Letters for Children*, by Lucy Barton: with *Introductory Verses*, by Bernard Barton. pp. 269. London, 1831. J. Souter.

WE think this little volume does infinite credit to the youthful writer: the selections are very judicious, and told in as near the words of Scripture as possible,—the very words themselves used where of peculiar import; and the lesson dwelt upon and explained in a simple manner, obvious to the most juvenile capacity. Some very sweet verses by her father, Bernard Barton, an old and favourite friend of the

public and ourselves, are fitting introduction to this modest and deserving little work.

*First Lines of Zoology, by Question and Answer, for the Use of the Young.* By Robert Mudie. London, 1831. Whittaker.

A USEFUL and well-arranged catechism, going through the various branches of zoology in a clear and simple manner, well adapted for the instruction of youth.

*Constable's Miscellany, Vol. LXXI.* WILSON and Lucien Buonaparte's *American Ornithology*, Vol. IV. edited by Professor Jameson, is the last-published portion of this long-continued and well-conducted Miscellany. The original work is so highly prized, that we need say nothing to commend this neat and cheap reprint of it.

*The Waverley Novels, Vol. XXVIII. Peveril of the Peak, Vol. I.* Edinburgh, Cadell. WITH a preface explanatory of the origin of this novel, and several notes of considerable interest, the present is a pleasant continuation of the series. An appendix, too, contains a good deal of the genealogy of the family of Christian, which their descendant, the actual *Deemster* of Man, has thought necessary to redeem the realities of his ancestors from the stigma attached to them by fiction.

#### ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

##### VEGETABLE STRATA.

To the Editor of the *Literary Gazette*.

SIR,—You have mentioned in your last *Gazette* some interesting facts connected with the strata found in excavating near the Thames; but you seem not to be aware that along the whole of the eastern coast of the kingdom, and, I am inclined to believe, from such opportunities of observation as have occurred to me, at about the same level, there is found a stratum of vegetable deposit very similar to that which you have described as found in Bermondsey Street. How far inland this stratum has been discovered, I cannot tell: but along the coast of Norfolk and of Lincolnshire, to the mouth of the Humber, it may be seen, at intervals, in the sea-cliff, with occasionally more than 200 feet of superjacent clay and sand. In digging a canal, also, a few years since, to render the small river Ant navigable to this place, the same stratum, or a similar one, and at much the same level, was found, but with numerous large trees of different kinds, among which the oak was still quite sound. Numerous stags' horns were also dug out, together with one human skull, and one of some large animal of the ox kind, now deposited, I believe, in the museum at Norwich.

The hazel-nuts, also, were very perfect, and very abundant; and it is to a circumstance connected with these, that I wish to call the attention of your geological readers. All these nuts—and, indeed, all such as I have observed to be dug up elsewhere—had arrived at *one* and the *same period of their growth*; viz. that in which the kernel was not quite large enough to fill the shell. My inference from which is, that this stratum of vegetable remains, mixed with animal spoils, was not a gradual deposit, but the result of some single and overwhelming catastrophe, that took place at the present season of the year.—I am, sir, &c.

W. T. SPURDENS.\*

North Walsham, August 21st, 1831.

\* A little time since, I had occasion to remove some of the peat in Kingsedgemoor; this I found to be about

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

**CELESTIAL PHENOMENA FOR SEPTEMBER.**  
 23<sup>d</sup> 7<sup>h</sup> 46<sup>m</sup>—the autumnal equinox. The Earth in its circle round the Sun attains that point of its course wherein every part of its surface, from pole to pole, receives an equal proportion of the solar influence. After this period the arctic regions will gradually sink into the darkening gloom of their long and dreary night; and the northern nations of the globe have, in sure succession, the misty morn, the fleeting cloud, the moaning gale, the ice-bound stream, and the snowy mantle of winter. The Sun, verging towards the south, will daily contract his course and diminish his meridian height—his rising and setting occasionally diversified with a splendour peculiar to the autumnal season. During the long absence of the Sun, the atmosphere, refined by frost, will reveal the beautiful and unimaginable depths of ether, glowing with myriad stars, and those mysterious phenomena which lie far beyond, where the stars of Orion and their bright companions send forth their keen scintillations—

The blue Pacific of infinity,  
 Gemm'd with the sacred islets of the skies—  
 Each isle a world upon a sapphire sea,  
 And every world, perchance, a paradise.

## Lunar Phases and Conjunctions.

	D.	H.	M.
● New Moon in Leo .....	5	20	33
☾ First Quarter in Ophiuchus ..	13	16	42
☾ Full Moon in Aquarius .....	21	9	53
☾ Last Quarter in Gemini .....	28	4	28

The Moon will be in conjunction with

	D.	H.	M.
Saturn in Leo .....	5	30	39
Mars in Leo .....	6	8	0
Mercury in Virgo .....	7	22	20
Venus in Virgo .....	8	18	45
Jupiter in Capricornus .....	18	0	40

13<sup>d</sup>—Mercury stationary. 25<sup>d</sup>—in conjunc-

tion with Mars. 26<sup>d</sup> 6<sup>h</sup>—inferior conjunction with the Sun.  
 17<sup>d</sup>—Venus stationary near 63 Virginis.  
 26<sup>d</sup>—in conjunction with 53 Virginis. Towards the end of the month this planet will appear with a delicate crescent.  
 24<sup>d</sup> 3<sup>h</sup>—Mars in conjunction with the Sun.

## The Asteroids.

	D.	H.	M.
Vesta .. 1 R.A.	7	22	N.D. 20 54
9 .....	7	35	20 36
17 .....	7	40	20 15
25 .....	8	0	19 54
Juno .. 1 .....	8	5	11 6
9 .....	8	20	10 12
17 .....	8	35	9 16
25 .....	8	50	8 16
Pallas .. 1 .....	19	12	11 59
9 .....	19	11	10 23
17 .....	19	11	8 40
25 .....	19	13	7 17
Ceres .. 1 .....	20	49	S.D. 30 53
9 .....	20	45	30 37
17 .....	20	42	30 51
25 .....	20	41	30 37

## Eclipses of the Satellites of Jupiter.

	D.	H.	M.
First Satellite, emersion ....	4	11	42 1
13 8 6 23			
20 10 1 57			
27 11 57 36			
29 6 26 39			
Second Satellite .....	3	13	30 25
21 7 58 31			
28 10 34 0			
Third Satellite .....	21	9	13 22
Immersion ..	28	9	41 29

Saturn is too near the Sun to be observed.

2<sup>d</sup>—Uranus in conjunction with 9 Capricorn.

**Telescopic Objects.**—The following telescopic objects will be in favourable positions for observation during the month:—

In the girdle of Hercules, between two stars of the eighth magnitude, is a nebula round and bright in its centre; between the knee and left leg of Hercules is another beautiful nebula, 5' in diameter, surrounded with great nebulousity; near  $\alpha$  in the same constellation is another bright nebula:—each of these is resolvable into stars. In the breast of Hercules is a planetary nebula.  $\alpha$  Herculis is a double star—the large star red, the small of a bluish-green colour.  $\zeta$  Herculis is a double star—the large star bluish-white, and the small of a fine ash colour:—these stars revolve about their centre of gravity.  $\delta$  Herculis is a double star.

Between  $\gamma$  and  $\beta$  Lyrae is a round mottled nebula. Near  $\alpha$  Lyrae is a very faint and small star.  $\alpha$  Lyrae with a telescope of low power appears only double; with a higher power, each star is seen to be double: under peculiarly favourable circumstances, a fifth star is visible—constituting  $\gamma$  Lyrae a quintuple star.  $\beta$  Lyrae is a variable star:—period of variation, 64 9<sup>h</sup>; maximum and minimum brightness, third and fifth magnitudes: it is also a variable star—three of the combinations are white; the fourth, of a red colour.

Beneath  $\gamma$  Cygni is a mass of seven or eight stars. Near 16 Cygni is a perfectly round planetary nebula, with a bright central point a little extended, like two points close to one another. Near 34 Cygni is a double star, with a faint milky ray united to it.  $\nu$  Cygni is a triple star—the large star white, the others red. 61 Cygni is one of the most remarkable objects in the heavens; it is found to have a progressive motion, the nature of which is not yet satisfactorily explained—it is probably of the same class with  $\xi$  Ursæ Majoris, which is found to complete a revolution in less than fifty-seven years.

Between  $\epsilon$  and  $\delta$  Cassiopeia is a mass of stars. 6 Cassiopeia disappears periodically. Near  $\delta$  Cassiopeia is a mass of stars, like a solid ball, mixed with nebulousity.

In the right foot of Andromeda is a collection of nebulous stars. 14 Andromeda is a round, bright, well-defined, planetary disc, 15' in diameter.  $\gamma$  Andromeda is a double-double star, and one of the most beautiful objects in the heavens—the larger star is red, the smallest of a sky-blue colour. The nebula in the girdle of Andromeda is visible to the unassisted sight: it is of considerable extent—40' in length, by 15' in breadth; the centre has the appearance of the undefined disc of a comet.

Near  $\beta$  Persei is a bright star, from which proceeds two faint nebulous branches.  $\zeta$  Persei is a beautiful triple star. Near 21 Persei is a double star—the large star yellow, the small blue. The clusters of stars in the sword-handle of Perseus is one of the most splendid telescopic views in the heavens—when the atmosphere is very pure, it suggests the idea of a hemisphere of stars. In Perseus there are no fewer than eight nebulae.

Four and a half degrees due north of  $\alpha$  Piscium, in a barren space near the feet of Arias, is a double star—the large star of an intense ruby colour, the small star green.  $\zeta$  Piscium is a beautiful double star.

In the head of Aquarius is a nebulous star.  $\alpha$  Capricorni is double to the unassisted sight; with the telescope each star will appear to be double. Above the shoulders of Capricornus are three nebulae, one of which exhibits a planetary disc. In this part of the heavens are the planets Jupiter and Uranus, the former of which is at all times an interesting telescopic object: a remarkable configuration will occur of his satellites, 28<sup>d</sup> 8<sup>h</sup>; only the fourth satellite will be visible—the first will be on the disc, and the second and third in the shadow of Jupiter. Uranus may be seen about 2<sup>nd</sup> west of Jupiter, appearing like a star of the fifth magnitude with a bluish-white light. The asteroid Pallas may be traced from 28 Aquarii (a star in a branch of the Via Lactea) moving southward in the direction of  $\delta$  Aquile, a double star—it shines with a faint rosy tint.

De profundis.

J. T. B.

## LITERARY AND LEARNED.

## ACTUAL STATE OF THE EXCAVATIONS AT POMPEII.

It is only for these few years back that the excavations of Pompeii have been carried on with any kind of regularity, though still with a degree of supineness that is extremely despairing to the curious. Pompeii was, with the town of Herculaneum, buried by an eruption of Vesuvius in 79, and discovered in 1760. The extent scarcely exceeds that of the garden and court of the Tuileries, and the fifth part is hardly laid open, though it is more than a century since the labours of excavation have been carried on. Twenty men, at the most, are at present engaged in these excavations. We are indebted to M. Raoul Rochette for some details on their present condition, which were read at one of the meetings of the united four academies of the Institute. It appears that the labours are at present carried on with great care; attention is paid to the preservation of the frail walls and delicate pictures, and even a sieve is made use of, that no precious relic of antiquity may escape. At the same time precautions are taken for the preservation of the ancient habitations, by propping up the walls and giving new roofs to the houses; and some old places have been transformed into guard-houses, where some old soldiers ensure the safety of the ancient town. This extreme attention paid to objects of antiquity is common

throughout Italy; and more money is expended in repairing the Colosseum or the Forum of Trajan at Rome, than for the palace of the chancellor of the modern capital; and the temple of Vesta is supported by the friends of the apostolic chamber in a much better condition than ancient basilicums of the first Christians.

The street by which we enter Pompeii is called the street of Tombs, and was discovered in 1812. It is a kind of suburb, where half country and half urban habitations were formerly found, mingled with sepulchres. At present the habitations have generally disappeared. On four green hills, which have not yet been excavated, the tombs alone have remained untouched; they shew themselves isolated, and arranged in two parallel lines, most of them in a state of preservation that is really extraordinary; and men carved on little monuments of charming proportions, of beautiful workmanship, and exquisite taste, some elevated by steps, the others simple cenotaphs, altars, or chapels, almost all built of marble, which has lost nothing of its primitive polish or whiteness, shaded with young trees or old cypresses, which grow spontaneously among these ruins, form a picturesque and unexpected *coup-d'œil*.

The effect, on entering the town, is that of disappointment; it is not without trouble that we represent to ourselves the polished Greeks and powerful Romans walking through such narrow roads and living in such small houses. It is true that the inhabitants of Pompeii were neither Greeks nor Romans, but a little of one and the other, and that Pompeii was a provincial town; but, as at Rome itself, it does not appear that the houses or the furniture of the generality of citizens were in relation with the ideas which we figure to ourselves of the great names of Rome and of Romans.

An amphitheatre, two theatres, two places surrounded with porticos, a forum, a basilicum, thermal baths, eight temples, and a great number of edifices, even on the small scale on which these constructions have been erected, the forum of Pompeii, three hundred and forty-four feet long by a hundred and seven broad, bordered with porticos, surrounded with temples and public edifices, covered with marble or bronze statues, whose pedestals with honourable inscriptions have remained in the same condition.

Among the ancients every thing related to public life, and the private life was almost entirely sacrificed to the political life. Almost all the houses consist of one or more open courts, often surrounded with porticos or colonnades, and round which apartments are disposed, but so small and so obscure, that we are astonished how people could have resided there. They scarcely afford room for a bronze bedstead, a lamp, and a seat of the same metal; so that it is very evident that the citizens of Pompeii only retired there for sleep, and that their life was principally passed in the forum or at the basilicum, in temples or at theatres. Their senate-house had a part called *atrium*, which may appear spacious, and which is also the best decorated of the house: friends, clients, &c. were received here; and in the same place were hung the portraits of their ancestors, and, in the absence of these monuments, they surrounded themselves with voluptuous, or agreeable, or sometimes philosophical illustrations.

The eruption of Vesuvius, which succeeded an earthquake whose effects had hardly been repaired when the city became buried under cinders for eighteen centuries, was attended with the most sudden and fatal effects: parts

of skeletons and human bones are found in almost all the private or public edifices which they have laid open; the number of victims that has been found already exceeds one hundred and seventy, in the fifth part of the ancient town. Pompeii lost much in the form and decoration of its edifices; all the houses had their tops destroyed, their roofs driven in, and the lower parts disfigured by the falling in of the upper stories; yet the brilliant aspect of the walls, and the magical effect of pictures which appear to have lost none of their original freshness, surpasses every expectation; and this is more particularly the case in the vicinity of the forum, where the excavations are at present carried on. Every thing is painted in Pompeii in conformity with the importance of every habitation and the destination of the apartment. The floor is paved with mosaic; and in seeing this profusion of colours, of stuccos, of mosaic, and of painting, we should be almost tempted to inquire what became of the poor; and yet poor there must have been, even in a city so richly decorated; though the most miserable condition must have had its charm, in the midst of these magic colours and luxury of art.

#### WESTERN LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTION.

On Thursday evening Dr. Wood delivered the first of two lectures on Moral Philosophy in the theatre of this Institution, Leicester Square. In a few well-written introductory observations, the lecturer stated that his intention was more to indicate the nature of the subject, and designate its relation to the other sciences, than to notice in detail every point embraced in the term "moral philosophy." He then, in very appropriate language, pointed out the connexion between mind and the senses, those "portals of the mind;" observing, that it was not at all probable, a proper understanding of the constitution of the former could ever be attained. The lecture throughout was listened to with great attention, and considering that it was not illustrated by any striking experiments, was calculated to make a useful impression on the understandings of his numerous auditors.

#### FINE ARTS.

##### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*New London Bridge, August 1, 1831.* Sketched on stone by T. S. Cooper. Ackermann.

THERE is no end to London Bridge! This is a gay coloured affair, of which the *coup-d'œil* is flashy enough; with, as the peep-showmen say, "all the boats and barges sailing backwards and forwards upon the river."

*The Battle of Palm Sunday (from the Fair Maid of Perth.)* H. Andrews. London, Dickinson and Co.

A LITHOGRAPHIC embodying of the splendid description of the conflict on the North Inch. It is a work of mind, but the difficulty of representing such a scene to the eye is insurmountable.

*Monument in Memory of the Princess Charlotte.* Drawn by F. Mackenzie. Engraved by H. Winkles and W. Greatbatch.

THIS engraving, though only now published, is a print of the high feeling and affecting monument erected by Mr. Matthew Wyatt, in the chapel which he also designed, in St. George's, Windsor, to the memory of the Princess Charlotte. This tribute of a nation's regard continues to be the admiration of foreign

visitors, as well as a boast of British sculpture, and we are glad to see a representation of it from a sister art which may adorn the portfolio of every individual. It is ably engraved, and has a very touching interest.

#### Sketches in Italy. Drawn on Stone by W. Linton.

THE fifth Number of this superb work has just reached us, and contains, "Il Ponte della Trinità, Florence;" "Il Lago d'Orta;" "Convent of St. Scholastica;" "Nessi;" "Cavi;" "The Temples of Paestum;" "Subiaco;" and "The Convent of S. Cosimato, at Vico-Varo." Independently of the variety and interest of its subjects, this publication evidently advances in depth of tone, brilliancy of effect, and powers of execution. In examples like these, lithography appears to have reached a climax beyond that which could have been calculated upon.

*Paganini: on Stone.* By H. T. Bulmer. THIS is a vivid and striking likeness of the god of the bow. It is full of character, and altogether a fine production. The caricatures of Paganini must bow before it.

*Part II. completing a Series of Coloured Views of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway.* From Drawings by Mr. T. T. Bury. Ackermann.

SIX Views, completing the series, and certainly superior, both in execution and in interest, to those which appeared in the First Part. The representation of Parkside, where the unfortunate accident happened to Mr. Huskisson, excites melancholy recollections. At the present critical moment it is impossible not to feel deeply the loss which the country has sustained from the sudden deprivation of so able a public man.

#### Views in the Mauritius or Isle of France. No. 3. Carpenter and Son.

OF the four Views of which this Number consists, "Baie du Tombeau" is the most remarkable and picturesque.

#### The Watering Places of Great Britain. Part 4. Hinton.

"TORQUAY," "DOVER," and "ROTTERDEAM," are the embellishments of the fourth Part of this pleasing publication.

#### SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

##### A NEW VIEW!

*Unappreciated Excellence; or, an Article on "Miscellaneous Poems" and "Political Pamphlets."*

"I summon ye, from silence and from shade!"

THERE are two great motives which stimulate men to action—the desire of praise, and the desire of reward: it would be difficult to say which is the most powerful of the two; but to one or other of these, or sometimes to a mixture of both, may all human acts be traced. Unfortunately—and this puts one out in an argument—there never yet was rule so general as not to admit of an exception; and two large classes there are at this moment certainly unactuated by the two stimulants to which we have referred exertion. There are two opposite sets of writers, who are influenced neither by hope of praise nor by love of gain: we allude to the authors of political pamphlets and miscellaneous poems. Their pages are neither purchased nor perused. The individual who ever bought a political pamphlet, or read a volume of miscellaneous poems, would be shewn

about for a show—a wonder exhibited at a shilling a-head, and sumpence for servants and children. The pamphleteer and the poet have nothing in common—one being composed of facts, the other of fancies; and yet the line of conduct is the same in both. What motive can actuate them—the Curtises of literature thus leaping into the gulf of oblivion—and for what? At first we thought there might be a little lurking vanity; for when the poet wrote—

"None without hope e'er loved the brightest fair—  
But love will hope where reason would despair,"

we always felt convinced he meant self-love, and literary self-love in particular. But there are some things, like Lord —'s disinterestedness, or Mr. —'s religious fervour—too impossible to be believed. Yet even the very writers themselves must admit, that the only inscription fit for their booksellers' shelves would be the one which Dante describes as being written over the gates of hell—

"Here hope comes not."

It is very much the fashion to talk of authors as an ill-used, ill-requited, unhappy race—from Molière's

"Pégase est un cheval  
Qui mène les grands hommes à l'hôpital,"  
down to Lord Byron's

"Hard is his fate on whom the public gaze  
Is fixed for ever to detract or praise;  
Repose denies her requiem to his name,  
And folly loves the martyrdom of fame;"

or to Moore's

"In the woods of the North there are insects that prey  
On the brains of the elk to his very last sigh;  
Oh, Genius! thy patrons, more cruel than they,  
First feed on thy brains, and then leave thee to die."

These are great names against our own peculiar opinions; and we all know that a great name is like the sun—it dazzles one's sight; yet, in spite of these "most high authorities," we consider authors a very fortunate race. They have the pleasure of seeing themselves in print—a pleasure only to be estimated by those who have enjoyed it. To see one's mental self in print is like seeing one's bodily self in the mirror; and the letters are so many looking-glasses, reflecting the attitudes of our mind. They have proof-sheets too, and proof-sheets are as good as love-letters. Then comes the enjoyment of being reviewed. Good, bad, or indifferent, a review has something satisfactory in it to its object—if it praise, there is the delight of belief; if it censure, there is the luxury of complaint; and, let us tell you, that newspapers are interesting when you have always a latent hope that they will contain something about yourself. Then there is, to use the modern phrase, "lionisation,"—a custom, however, derived from the ancients. What was the name of the Scythian who came from his deserts to have a good stare at Plato? Now, it rounds a phrase very prettily for popular authors to declaim about the heartlessness of society, the want of feeling, and the waste of time—to say nothing of the gentle insinuation of their being superior to such low flattery: but though we do not deny, you will permit us to doubt. Half our fine feelings originate in fine phrases; and indifference sounds well in a period. Vanity is the true alchemy which extracts its gold from the most worthless materials; and we must again say, we doubt whether the small flatteries, the "Who is she, or he?" the curiosities, and the introductions, are not, to use an American phrase, "so awfully despicable after all." But what part have the two unknown classes we now commiserate—what part have they in the very smallest of these pleasures? who has any curi-

osity to see the author of a pamphlet? or who asks to be introduced to the author of a volume of miscellaneous poems? They may take up reviews for ever, and newspapers till doomsday; but their works will be like the statue of Isis, whose veil mortal hand hath never yet raised; or, to repeat the assertion with which we commenced, that no rule is without an exception, a pamphleteer may take up a review and see the title of his work at the head of an article, from which, however, all mention of its contents is carefully excluded; while the author of a volume of miscellaneous poetry may see a quotation in a newspaper, accompanied with a wonder at his folly, and a sneer at his trash—small encouragement, in either case, for these "written troubles of the brain." We perfectly understand why we ourselves are writing about them:—to be very candid, our motive is ostentation. We are all proud of uncommon actions; and we quite pique ourselves on the seventy-two pamphlets and the fifty-nine poetical volumes we have just read.—We feel all the pride of a traveller who has penetrated into unknown countries—

"Where never human foot before had trod."

We have traversed the Africa of the literary world, and we put forth our discoveries in the spirit of a Bruce or a Clapperton. But though we understand our own motive for writing about them, we are not a bit nearer their motives for writing at all; these, like Sir —'s principles, or Mr. —'s meaning, must remain mysteries—no one has ever yet ascertained what they are. Were a parallel to be instituted between the poets and the pamphleteers, the balance would be greatly in favour of the latter. Self-deception is the moral principle most developed in poetry; while invention, imagination, simile, and metaphor, have gone over—like deities abandoning an ungrateful country, or rats deserting a falling house—to the once drier and didactic ranks of politics. Allow us to explain why we use two images—the one of the deities has *l'air noble*, and may persuade; the other is common and actual, and therefore may convince.

We shall dismiss the miscellaneous poems first: verily they have been the sandy deserts of our way. It was a belief among the ancients, that mental blindness was a curse from the gods on those whom they predestined to destruction. The fate must surely be sealed of the writers of such passages as the following. A Mr. Henry Martin states, that

"Before the glance of beauty's eye  
Trouble and pain the bosom fly;  
And what mere mortal can withstand  
The gentle squeeze of beauty's hand?"

We own we scarcely consider the last line "quite correct;" but, Young Ladies, we quote it as an example to be shunned—not a pattern to be followed. From Mr. D. Corkindale's *Sketches of Genius*, we select Lines to ——. We quote the verse on the same principle as we ask a riddle—to see if its meaning can be found out.

"When cold is now my darling's heart,  
Whose throb was rapture's spell to thee,  
Dear lady, aged as thou art,  
O! thou art all to me."

From *Russet Rhymes* we take one verse: we beg to submit the resolution it contains to all unpopular members about to address their constituents:—

"Their hints may not be slighted—  
Less hard I'll screw my pegs;  
They else, as they one night did,  
May pester me with eggs."

We will proceed with Mr. T. Cornish, a gentleman of most energetic and poetic patriot-

ism: he dedicates to "his country," and to his "king he tenders an undivided allegiance;" and our modern Tyrants sets out by declaring,

"I sing the tree of liberty:  
Believe me, 'tis no joke, sir."

Let us should make it one, we go on to a "fashionable melody:" one verse will suffice:

"I go, I go, to drive dull care  
Away from this crazy head;  
I go—yes, I'll go every where,  
By fashion still I'm led!"

We continue with a most pathetic farewell:—

"So, Rosa, kiss me ere I rove:—  
One smack—ah! that was well done!  
Adieu, sweet girl! my only love—  
I'll think of thee—in London."

We can only find room for two lines from Mrs. Thomas's *Serious Poems*. They were written on the death of a lovely infant, who was born with a tooth.

"This little tooth was thine, 'twas born with thee, sweet  
Which, being rare, is a curiosity."

We leave Mr. D. Moore to the "breeze," which, as he kindly informs us, "makes love upon the bosom of the seas." Mr. William Bennet may continue his meditations on—

"How pleasant to think that my bridal is nigh!"

or he can linger with the

"Wife of my friend, at thy piano sitting;"

or he may stay with the flower which a young maiden gave an acquaintance of his; of which he thus sings:—

"This evening, at tea,  
I'd the pleasure to see  
It fresh in the window as ever."

And of the remainder of the small volumes now piled up beside us, we can only quote Wordsworth, and say—

"There are forty feeding like one."

We now proceed to make good our assertion, that more of invention, imagination, &c. &c., and all poetical requisites, are to be found in the pamphlets than in the poems. In good truth, these pamphleteers may be divided into two classes;—the followers of Coleridge, and the followers of Wordsworth. The anti-reformer exclaims, in the language of the first—

"I see with boiling heart the near approach  
Of an ill-starred, unblest catastrophe,  
For of the wholly common man is made  
And custom is his nurse! Woe, then, to them  
Who lay irreverent hands upon his old  
House furniture, the dear inheritance  
From his forefathers! For time consecrates;  
And what is gray with age becomes religion."

In this spirit writes the author of a *Letter to a Friend*. "As a corollary to this state of things, it is not difficult to foresee that democratic anarchy will succeed; which, again, after rivers of blood have flowed through the land, and a universal desolation swept over its remotest corners, will yield, in its turn, to an iron military despotism." The reformers, on the contrary, take their motto from Wordsworth, and say—

"Of old things all are over-old:  
Of good things none are good enough;  
We'll help to show that we can frame  
A world of other stuff!"

or, to quote the words of a *Letter to Lord Althorpe*, the writer says of reform—"From that most important measure, I should expect to find such a mass of intelligence and energy thrown into public affairs, as would speedily carry the country out of its present difficulties, and enable us as a nation to spring again into a fresh manhood." It is quite delightful to a person of a domestic way of thinking, &c. &c. one who considers contradiction to be the essence of mental development, that so much may be said on both sides of the question. There is also a pleasant diversity between Mr. Foster, author of *England's Liberty and Prosperity*,

and the author of the *Question of Reform Considered*. The first apostrophes "the old times of British hospitality, when the landlord had always good cheer for the tenant on festive days; and when the peasantry were happy, because their rights were respected, their hearts united, and their cares and troubles so-laced by a religion taught to every child as soon as it could lisp, by a kind and fatherly priesthood: when cowardice and pride had not sapped the virtue of the wealthy, nor its re-action appeared in the vulgar insolence, insubordination, and discontent, of the poor." Now for the other side:—"To praise antiquity, and to extol the superiority of former times, is a natural, and it is a useful tendency of the human mind. If it were possible, by plunging into the dark abyss of time, to retrieve some lost model of political wisdom, which we knew had once existed, the success might reward the hazard of the attempt. But is there any rational ground to believe that such a thing ever was?—or that by going back to the dust and cobwebs of ancient records, we are likely to recover it?" We own we agree with the last opinion. Though Goldsmith asserts, that

"A time there was, ere England's griefs began,  
When every rood of ground maintained its man,"

we never could ascertain when that time existed. Certainly not in the present day; Goldsmith witnesses that it was not in his time; to go back a little further, it was not co-existent with the civil wars of the times of the Stuarts, nor during the religious persecutions and risings under the Tudors; still less during the wars of York and Lancaster, or under the Plantagenets, when the English were treated as conquered enemies. The Saxons must have found the Danes a "perpetual grief;" they themselves were but invaders: the ancient Britons had to fight with, and succumb to, the Romans;—so that if a time ever did exist "ere England's griefs began," it must have been in her antediluvian days; and of these, most unfortunately, we have no record. We are sorry we have not room for the allegory of the horse-chestnuts, in "the papers picked up at sea." The said horse-chestnuts pass for money; would to Heaven they did, and that we had an avenue in full bearing! But we cannot omit a "Free-born Briton's" idea of a Christian duty. He says—and to this we do not object—that "if any man offer violence to my person, or to my dwelling-house, I am a man who would quietly draw a pistol from my pocket, and shoot him on the spot;" but to this he puts a note, stating, "This is a Christian duty." But we must confess we are most amused by a threat held out in *An Address from a Mr. William Hussey to the Men of Hawk-hurst, in Kent*. After having set forth the fatal and inevitable consequences of their late riotous conduct, he puts the climax to denunciation by the following threat:—"For myself, I tell you that I am already thinking of one day quitting a country where I have been surrounded by such scenes: I do not say I shall go, but I am thinking about it." Next we come to a *Letter to the People of England*, whose self-appreciation is magnificent. Two shillings for four pages of ill printed and wretched paper! Why, my good sir, (the author,) two shillings would now-a-days pile a whole shelf with books. By its side we place an epistle to Mr. Jeffrey, *Lord Advocate of Scotland*. The writer dwells on the intellect which the *Edinburgh Review* has disseminated, and gives to the ex-editor the gratifying assurance that it has formed even "the mind which now addresses him." But, as the Greek sage

most wisely admonishes, *πάντα ῥεῖα*—which being put into English, means, that even in this world it is possible to have enough,—we shall proceed to a quotation from Mr. Charles Buller's pamphlet on reform: "I will not deny, indeed, that the notions of history entertained by some of those who talk of past periods of good government, and call for a restoration of parliamentary purity, are somewhat confused; that a hundred errors prevail among those who think and speak on this subject, as on every other on which nonsense is engendered by human reflection and discussion."

We may leave off here—for this paragraph is delightfully descriptive of the efforts of human reflection and discussion: and both time and space, those autocrats of life and periodicals, forbid further development of these unappreciated performances. Now we must say, works that can never hope to be bound, or published in family libraries, ought to be very thankful for what Mr. Galt calls the "amber immortalisation" of an article in the *Literary Gazette*.

#### DRAMA.

##### HAYMARKET.

On Wednesday evening was performed the comedy of the *Road to Ruin*; and we must say we consider the character of *Old Dornton*, as played by Mr. Farren, a great comfort to those who lament over the decline of histrionic talent. *Old Dornton* is not merely a rich citizen and a fond father, but a character which, for truth and originality, has few equals in dramatic delineation. He is a man to whom credit is another word for morality, and whose very existence is routine; all the tenderness and energy of whose nature have found vent in affection for an only child: he has to forgive the yielding to temptation, for which his own experience furnishes no allowance, because it furnishes no parallel—and he has to excuse extravagance, which flings away in a moment what it has cost him years to accumulate—and his parental love is placed in opposition equally to his habits, opinions, and principles. Such is the moral outline which Farren so exquisitely fills up. He looks so respectable; a man to whom a dishonoured bill would be somewhat between murder and sacrilege; the powdered curls of whose wig and whose actions are equally regular. Accustomed to see him in characters of dry brusque humour, we were hardly prepared for the touching pathos he threw into the kind old merchant. After having, in conformity with his sterner resolution, and his partner's advice, parted for the first time in their lives from his son in anger, on which the sun had gone down, the manner in which he returned to say, "Harry, good night," was one of those affecting things it is impossible to describe. But the whole part was eloquent with these slight touches. Farren's performance of the elder *Dornton* is a fine contrast to his *General Lumleigh*; it is scarcely possible to believe the same person can represent individuals so utterly opposed. The general, with his air of high and military breeding, his erect figure, his violent temper, his love for, and his pride in, his son, whom he nevertheless deems it proper to abuse;—*Old Dornton*, not exactly gentlemanlike, but, as we said before, respectable, with the stoop contracted at the desk, and a manner overflowing with native kindness; and both characters so fine, so entirely finished, that actor must be first-rate who performs them both as

Farren does. He was supported with spirit. Vining made the serious parts very effective; the lighter ones are rather laboured; but a "gentleman" is a difficult part to play in real life, particularly if he is to be lively. Miss Sydney made her first appearance in *Sophia*, which we prefer much to her *Amelia* in the *School for Coquettes*: she is utterly unfitted for sorrow or sentiment; but she has a very pretty figure, a foot and ankle which ought to turn the head of any youth under five-and-twenty, and a face which has no expression but that of vivacity; even the other night, as *Sophia*, she looked more inclined to laugh than to cry at the loss of her lover. Harley, as *Goldfinch*, over-acted his part at first; buffoonery may be too much of a good thing. Messrs. Silky and Sulky were respectively sustained by Messrs. Gattie and Webster; and Mrs. Glover was, as usual, the most natural of actresses: we have only one fault, her dresses were ludicrously shabby for the rich and extravagant widow. *My Wife or My Place* increases in attraction: Farren at the *coarté* table is amusement enough for one piece. *No Song, no Supper*, followed, and nothing could well be worse; certainly there was no song; that is to say, if singing constitutes a song.

#### ENGLISH OPERA, ADELPHI.

*The Picturesque*, an agreeable little piece by Mr. Haynes Bayly, and with pretty music by Barnett, was brought out here successfully on Thursday. The English Opera keeps up the character of its management by continual novelty and merit. Our charming little friend Regondi, also, with his guitar, has followed the English Paganini at this theatre, and won great applause.

#### VARIETIES.

*French Academy*.—At a sitting of the French Academy on the 9th inst. M. Montyon's prizes for virtue, eloquence, and poetry, were adjudged, if we may believe the caustic remarks of some of the Parisian journals, very unsatisfactorily. The Academy has offered two prizes for 1832; the first for the best Dissertation on the Operation of the Laws on Morals; the second for the best French Tragedy.

*New Statues*.—The statue of Mr. Pitt, by Chantrey, has been opened to view in Hanover Square; that of Mr. Canning, by Westmacott, in Palace Yard, is not yet upon its pedestal.

*Paganini*.—The best description we have heard or seen of this extraordinary musician's performance is in the *Last of the Mohicans*. Mr. Cooper gives the following account of an Indian war song. "The notes were in the extremes of human sounds; being sometimes melancholy and exquisitely plaintive, even rivaling the melody of birds, and then, by sudden and startling transitions, causing the auditors to tremble by their depth and energy."

*Artillery: New Invention*.—A custom-house officer at Milan, of the name of Console, has invented a machine which entirely supercedes, in the artillery, the matches, &c. necessary for the discharge of cannon; and does the same service in all weathers, by night or by day, and at the same time precludes all the dangers to which men loading guns are frequently exposed in the field, from too great haste or carelessness in the use of those burning substances. It has the advantage that the enemy perceive nothing till the piece is discharged, that the firing is more rapid, (one shot every four seconds); and, what is peculiarly worthy of attention, the saving of expense, in comparison with

other modes of firing, is very great. The machine consists of an iron cylinder, within which there is a ramrod; which being drawn and pressing on a case, or cap, in front, with fulminating powder, recoils with great force, and thus effects the discharge of the piece. The importance and the ingenuity of the contrivance are in the case. The secret is known to nobody, and the inventor will not disclose it till his improvement is adopted by the artillery in general. The machine is so light, that one man can use it without inconvenience like a common ramrod; at the same time it is so durable that 5000 shot may be fired in succession without weakening its power. The experiments fully satisfied all those who witnessed them.—*Foreign Journal.*

**China.**—"The present empress mother is not the parent of the reigning prince, though she has two sons, who at the death of their father were more than twenty years of age. These are superior in personal appearance to the emperor, who is thin and toothless; and the youngest of them is tolerably well educated; but the eldest is a drunkard. The second is also extremely immoral, and fond of plays, for which purpose he entertains a number of young companions. Though the emperor, their father, united in his own person all the vices of these his sons, he preferred his present majesty for a successor, as being the most virtuous. Some, however, attribute this preference to the good conduct evinced by Taou-kiang in the rebellion of 1813, when with an arquebuse he slew two or three of the rebels, and intimidated the remainder, who had already penetrated within the precincts of the palace; for which he obtained due eulogies from his father in the public decrees."—*Padre Serra's Notices of China, in Trans. of Asiatic Society.*

**The Reguli, or Nobles of China,** are "allowed 100 pieces when they marry, and 120 for a funeral; from which they take occasion to maltreat their wives, because when one dies they receive the allowance for her interment, and the dowry of the second wife, whom they take immediately!"—*Id.*

**Concubines and Servants of the Palace.**—"Every third year the emperor takes a review of such of the daughters of Tartar officers and men of rank as may have reached the age of twelve (twenty years ago, the daughters of all the Tartars living about the court were reviewed); and from among these, of all whose families he is reputed the common father, he chooses wives or concubines. Those who are not chosen at the third review, become exempt. The servants, who amount to about 5000, are chosen from the three tribes; the girls of fourteen present themselves at a review taken by the emperor annually; and those who after the third review remain unchosen, are exempt. Those who have been selected are restored to liberty when they have reached the twenty-fifth year of their age, unless the emperor shall have had children by any of them, in which case he disposes of them as he pleases, making them illegal concubines; the legal, those acknowledged by the observatory, being only seven. Hence the late emperor, when congratulated by his father-in-law on the birth of a son (born of a servant), banished him with a nominal appointment. The present monarch refused to recall one of these servants who had been expelled with public disgrace when pregnant, through the jealousy of a favourite concubine; but at length, being apprised a second time by the magistrate that she had given birth to a son, he ordered her to be admitted into the palace with her child."—*Id.*

**Russia: Petersburg.**—De L. Eschscholtz, Professor of Anatomy in the University of Dorpat, who twice went round the world with Captain Kotzebue, as naturalist, died in May last, at the early age of 37.

**Allan Cunningham.**—The old saying, that a prophet is never honoured in his own country, has found an exception in the person of Allan Cunningham, on a recent visit which he paid to his native county, Dumfriesshire. We observe, from the *Dumfries Courier*, so ably edited by a brother author, Mr. Macdiarmid, that a public welcome dinner was given on the occasion, at which Mr. Macdiarmid presided, and which was attended by about sixty of the neighbouring gentry and principal townspeople of Dumfries. The toasts, and compliments paid, must have been very gratifying to the meritorious individual, as a tribute to whose talents and worth the meeting was "convened;" the freedom of Dumfries was presented to him, and the day was spent in much social harmony.

**Steamers.**—Captain Basil Hall has published a very sensible letter in the newspapers, in which, by pointing out a way for elevating the steersman, and an improvement in the mode of steering, many of the accidents which constantly occur from the present navigation of steam-boats would easily be avoided.

**Pimlico Palace.**—Report says that Mr. Blore, the architectural draughtsman and architect, is to have 75,000*l.* placed at his disposal as the expense of rendering the palace habitable.

**Hassuna D'Ghies.**—This individual, who was suspected by some of our contemporaries of being implicated in the disappearance of Major Laing's papers, has arrived in London, and challenges inquiry.

**Apologue of Saadi.**—Two friends went into a garden of roses; both enjoyed the fragrance; but one, as he departed, filled his bosom with the leaves, and for days afterwards both he and his family rejoiced in their odour. Which of these two spent the summer-day most wisely?

**The Lyonesse.**—"I do not recollect having seen, in any of the manufacturing towns of England, so much to remind one of the fatal vicissitudes of trade, in the spectacles of poverty and wretchedness that every moment presented themselves; and it struck me, that, among the lower orders of this city, there seemed to exist, in a remarkable degree, the elements of turbulence and civil commotion. The look, air, and expression of the unemployed workman of Lyons, has nothing in it of uncomplaining sufferance. He carries an air of defiance in his countenance; and solicits alms in the manner of one who thinks he has a right to partake the purse of another, who wears a better coat than himself. Three years before I visited Lyons, 28,000 persons were employed in the silk manufactories; and three years later, in the year 1829, when I again visited it, not more than one-fourth part of this number was required."—*Conway's Switzerland, France, &c., in 1830.*

**Archæology: Russia.**—Dr. Sjogren, associate of the Imperial Academy of Sciences, announces that he has discovered among the archives of the municipality of Wybourg an extremely interesting collection of very ancient authentic documents, and unknown to most of the authors who have written on the history of this province. The oldest of these MSS., bearing the date of 1316, is quoted by Northaan, in his *Sylloge Monumentorum ad illustrandam historiam Finia pertinentium*, but from inaccurate copies, which led him to doubt the existence of the original. Dr. Sjogren has

made an accurate copy of all the unpublished MSS., collated with care those that have been printed, and corrected their inaccuracies. This collection will be very valuable in the history of the province of Wybourg, as also in that of Ingria and Esthonia, particularly from the period when they fell into the power of Sweden; the documents presenting highly interesting illustrations of the ancient state of these last provinces, and of their commercial relations.

## LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[Literary Gazette Weekly Advertisement, No. XXXV. Aug. 27.]

The publishers of Constable's Miscellany announce, that the seventy-second volume of the Miscellany will contain Memoirs of the Empress Josephine, by Dr. Menes, the translator of Bourrienne's Napoleon.

A Conspectus of Butterflies and Moths, with Descriptions of all the Species found in Britain, amounting to nearly 2000, by J. Rennie, A.M.; who has also in a state of forwardness a Translation, with Notes and Synonyms, of Le Vaillant's Birds of Africa, Birds of Paradise, and Parrots, uniform with Montagu's Ornithological Dictionary.

**Russian Literature.**—Among the most recent literary announcements, are—1. Harald und Elsbeth; or, the Times of John (Ivan) the Terrible: an original picture, taken from the history of Russia in the sixteenth century, by M. W. von Oertel, 2 vols. 8vo. (in the German language); an edition in Russ in the press. 2. The Extraordinary Man (in Russ), a novel, by M. Yakoleff, 5 vols. 3. A Russian translation, from the German, of the novels of Henry Yechocke, 3 vols.

## LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Neander's Church History, translated by the Rev. H. Rose, Vol. I. 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—Dr. Ryan's Manual of Medical Jurisprudence, 8vo. 9s. bds.—Memoirs of Count Lavallete, written by Himself, 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 4s. bds.—Lucy Barton's Bible Letters, 12mo. 3s. hf. bd.—Scenes in Scotland, 12mo. 4s. 6d. bds. 1*l.* 3s. hf. bd.—Winckworth on the Teeth and Gums, 4to. 10s. bds.—Dr. Thomson's System of Inorganic Chymistry, 2 vols. 8vo. 2*l.* 2s. bds.—Bernays' Key to the German Exercises, 12mo. 4s. bds.

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1831.

August.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 11	From 49. to 75.	30.00 to 30.09
Friday... 12	— 46. — 76.	30.08 — 30.05
Saturday... 13	— 48. — 74.	30.00 — 30.07
Sunday... 14	— 46. — 76.	29.95 Stationary
Monday... 15	— 44. — 73.	30.01 to 30.03
Tuesday... 16	— 44. — 74.	30.07 — 30.05
Wednesday 17	— 50. — 75.	30.00 — 29.91

Wind N.E. and N.W., the latter prevailing. Generally clear, till the 16th, when a little rain fell; the afternoon of the 17th was distinguished by a storm of thunder and lightning, which was awfully grand: in the immediate neighbourhood no particular damage was done by the electric fluid.

August.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 18	From 47. to 73.	29.89 to 29.75
Friday... 19	— 48. — 72.	29.66 — 29.65
Saturday... 20	— 52. — 69.	29.67 — 29.62
Sunday... 21	— 53. — 69.	30.02 — 30.15
Monday... 22	— 50. — 69.	30.21 — 30.16
Tuesday... 23	— 53. — 76.	30.09 — 30.03
Wednesday 24	— 53. — 73.	29.92 — 29.72

Wind variable, N.W. prevailing. Except the 16th, 23d, and 24d, generally cloudy, with frequent rain.

Rain fallen, .225 of an inch. CHARLES H. ADAMS.  
Edmonton. Latitude... 51° 37' 39" N.  
Longitude... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are sorry to say N. N. In our last we accidentally omitted to mention that the sketch of Mr. P. Naamth was communicated to us late on Friday by an anonymous correspondent.

The notice of Mr. Scrymgeour's picture of the First Sign in Egypt, now exhibiting at the Egyptian Hall, was also accidentally put under the head of "New Publications in the Fine Arts." It is well calculated for that place when it shall have been well engraved; and in the meantime the lovers of high efforts in our native school of painting may gratify themselves by visiting the original. The *Casket*.—We acknowledge the Editor's letter, in which he claims against the imputation of pirating from the *Chronicles of London Bridge* the prints to illustrate his periodical. It is far from our wish to impeach the character of any of our contemporaries; but it does appear to us that two of the woodcuts are copied from the volume referred to, and that only one of these could have a common origin in Scott's old engraving. It is not worth while to go farther into the matter: we recommend to all editors the honest practice of quoting their authorities much more than is generally done.

## ADVERTISEMENTS,

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## UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

The following Medical Classes Open on Monday the 31st of October.

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Principles and Practice of Surgery.—Professor S. Cooper; Fee for Session, 5l. Midwifery and Diseases of Women and Children.—Dr. D. D. Davis; Fee for Session, 5l.

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Botany.—Professor Lindley; Fee for Session, 5l. Dispensary.—John Hogg, M.D., Surgeon; For the Year, 6l. 6s. Veterinary Medicine and Surgery.—Mr. Youatt; Fee for Session, 5l.

These Fees where they exceed 4l. may be paid in two divisions—viz. in October and January.

Particulars of these Courses may be had at the University; at Mr. Taylor's, 30, Upper Gower Street; and all Medical Bookellers.

Dr. Quain and Mr. Cooper have consented to accept their appointments, subject to the decision of the Proprietors on the 31st of September concerning Professor Lindley's appeal.  
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## FRAUDS IN PATENT PENCILS.

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## GENERAL CEMETERY COMPANY.

The Books of the General Cemetery Company will be closed on the 1st of September next; after which no new Shares will be issued to the Public. A General Meeting of the Shareholders will be held on Wednesday, the 7th of September, at One o'clock, at Exeter Hall, Strand, for the purpose of taking such measures as may best promote the interests of the Company.

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